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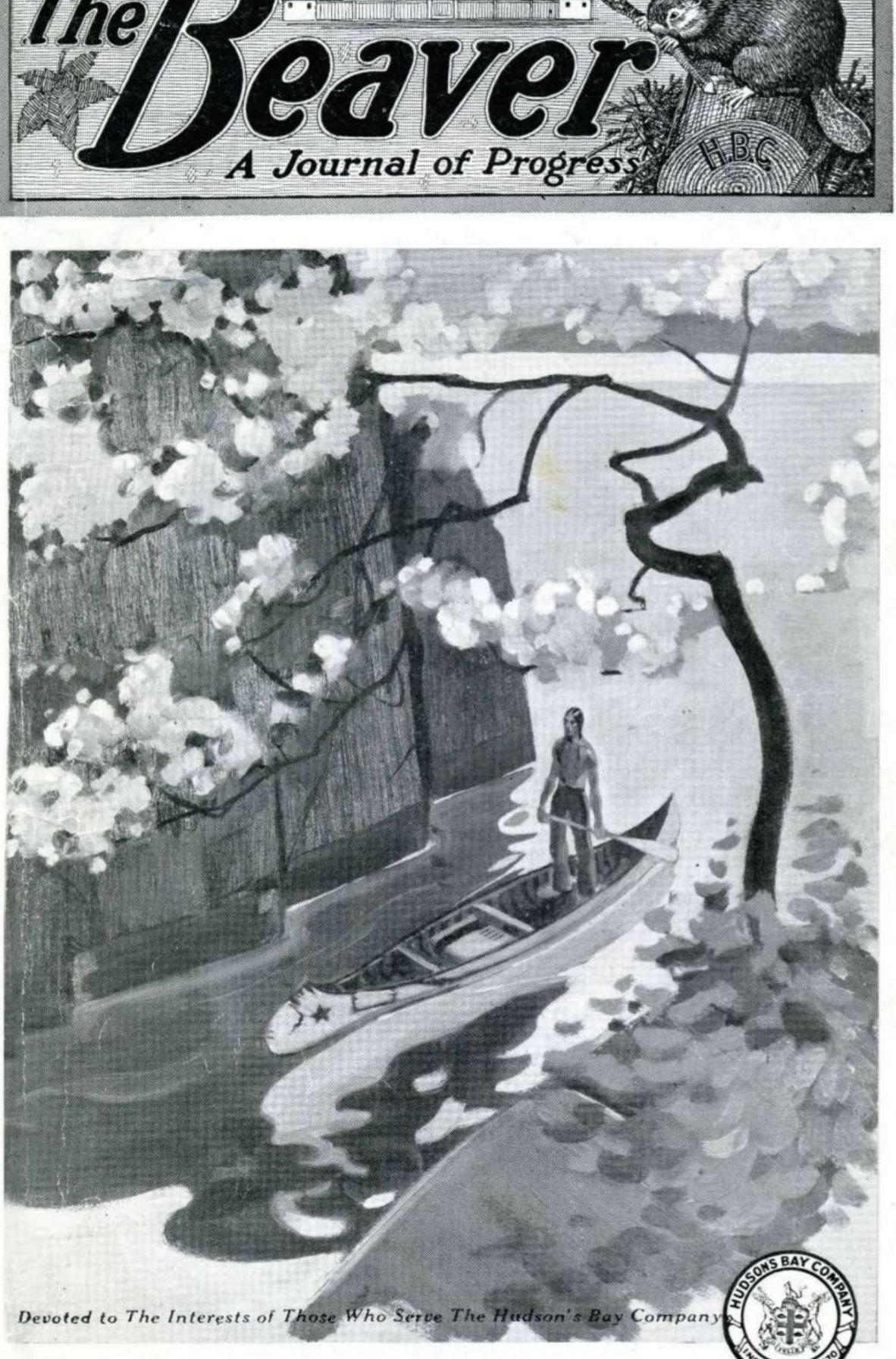
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS
OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

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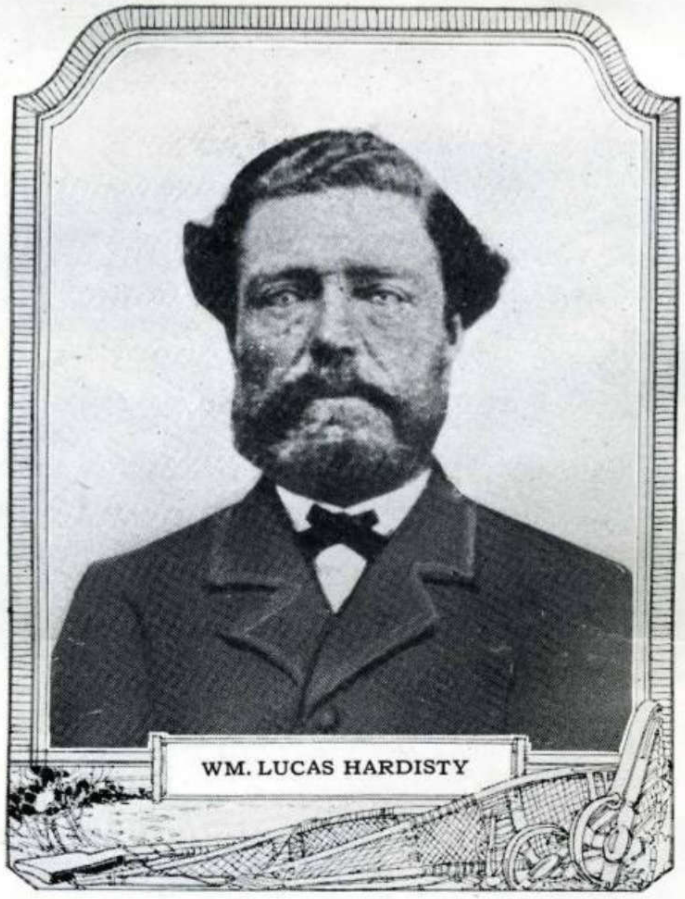


CHIEF FACTOR WILLIAM LUCAS HARDISTY
Entered the Service in 1842 as apprentice postmaster
Received commission as Chief Factor, 1872
Retired 1879

H.B.C. Wholesale-Depot

Manifold Activities of the Company's Large Modern Distributing Centre at Winnipeg.—The Giant Task of Supplying over 200 Fur Trade Posts. The Candy Factory and Tea Packing Plant.

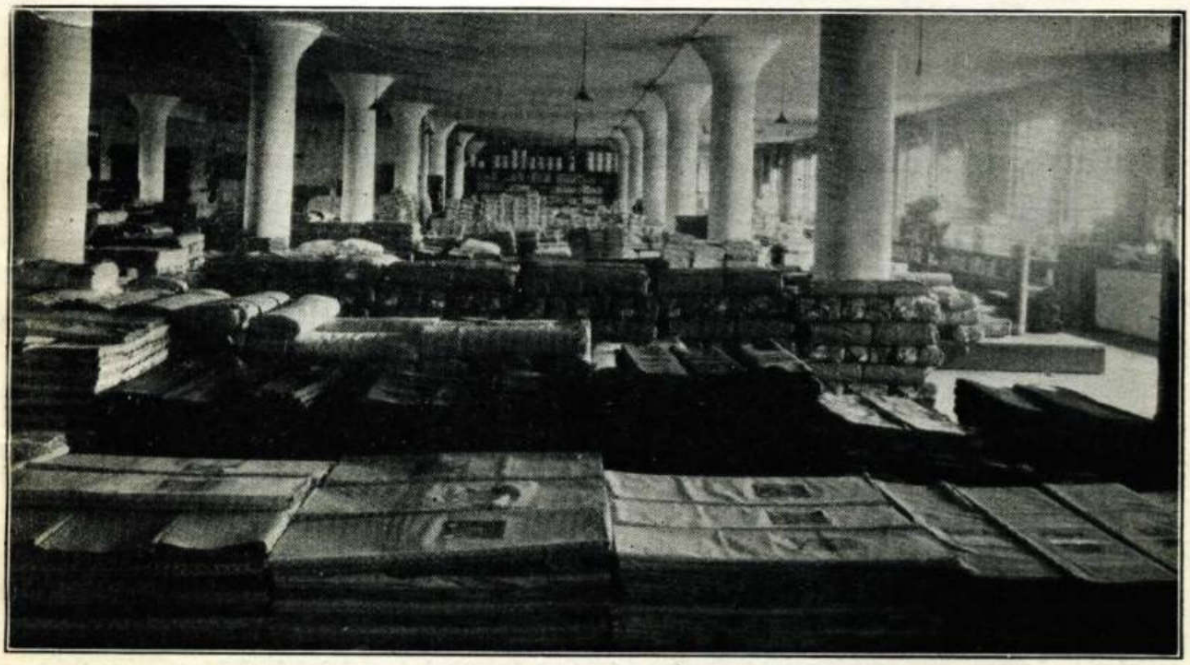
By A. BROCK

AMONG the many active present-day departments of the Hudson's Bay Company, the wholesale-depot at Winnipeg assumes a place of large importance. The H.B.C. wholesale-depot buys, stocks and distributes the manifold varieties of supplies required at more than 200 H.B.C. fur trade posts, and conducts incidentally a general wholesale business.

A big fireproof building of brick, concrete and steel adjacent to the Union Station on Main Street, Winnipeg, houses the large staff employed by the various departments of the wholesale depot: tobacco, groceries, stationery, dry goods, hardware, boots and shoes, the general offices and shipping rooms. The candy factory is in another building.

Merchandise for shipment is loaded direct from the depot on railway freight cars which travel from the H.B.C. depot doors to the end of steel in many quarters of Canada.

In the Company's earlier years the requirements of the fur trade were small, as the wants of the aboriginal tribes were comparatively few and simple. The Indian and fur trader of today, however, have been reached by civilizing influences to the extent that their need for comforts and articles of food, clothing and equipment are vastly more diversified and extensive. A comparison from the Company's records showing the "outfit" for 1672 and the "outfit" now being shipped from the wholesale-depot for 1924 will serve to illustrate most pertinently the tremendous change in the requirements of the trade in the far north (staple lines only shown for outfit 1924).



Part of the Dry Goods Stockroom at H.B.C. Wholesale-Depot.

OUTFIT 1672

200 fowling pieces
powder and shot
200 brass kettles
12 gross knives
1000 hatchets

OUTFIT 1924

arm bands
accordions
axes
ammunition
blankets
boas (ostrich feather)
beads
boots and shoes
braces
braid
buttons
belts (L'assomption)
canoes
caps (yacht)
cigarettes
cloth (many kinds)
collars
confectionery
cotton prints
duck
dress goods
duffle
flannel
flannelettes
flour
glass
gingham
groceries
guns
harmonicas
horsehair
handkerchiefs
harness (dog)
hats and caps
hatchets
hose
jewelry
jews harps
knives
larrigans
mackinaws
moccasins
muslin
mitts
neckties
needles
netting (mosquito)
nets (fish)
paints
perfumes
pins
plaid
powder
rifles
rugs
sateen
satin
stroud
shawls
skirts
silks
skirting
shoepacks
snowshoes
soap
spectacles
sweaters
tents
tobacco
toboggan boards
towels
toys
tools
traps
trousers
twine
underwear
varnishes
waders

A visitor to the depot shipping rooms last month would have seen bales and cases of merchandise piled almost ceiling high and a crew of men under the direction of Warehouse Superintendent Steven busily engaged stowing away in freight cars these supplies destined for far northern posts of the Company. These are the necessities of life—food, ammunition, clothing—and goods to be traded for furs, which will be eagerly expected at many a lonely outpost of the wilderness before winter comes. Nothing must go wrong. A lost shipment or the omission of a single important article might cause suffering and hardship; so everything has been checked off with meticulous care before a bale was sealed or a case nailed up, and now Mr. Steven himself carefully tallies each single "piece" as it is loaded into a car.

These bales and boxes will eventually be unloaded where the railroad ends and resume their journey northward by boat, canoe or scow, on swarthy backs over a thousand portages, and a portion, Arctic bound, will reach its final destination by dog team.

PACKING H.B.C. GOODS FOR THE NORTH

Packing for the various districts is varied according to the conditions under which transportation is effected. For example, transportation to inland posts of the Company is carried out by one of the following methods: canoes, scows or portage; therefore all bales for inland transportation must be of a size and weight suitable for handling. The bales must be from 80 to 100 pounds (not more) in weight and of a size that a man can handle easily. For frontier posts, where transportation is less difficult, bales may be considerably heavier, and at times run as high as 150 pounds.

D. STEVEN
Warehouse Supt.

The packing of dry goods and goods of a similar nature is done by means of a hydraulic press. A quantity of goods is placed in the press together with covering materials, which consist of (1) wrapping paper, (2) waterproof paper, (3) hessian; these goods are then pressed to the desired size and shape, the wrapping materials are folded in to make a

Corner of the Shipping Room—Fur Post Supplies Ready to Go

watertight packing, and the outer covering of hessian is then sewn up. Lugs or handles are provided to facilitate handling. The bale is then passed to another man in the packing department, who proceeds to place the correct marking on the bale, an example of which is illustrated.

Confectionery for far distant posts, such as western Arctic districts and Labrador, is packed in sealed tins, while for Fort Good Hope a special tin-lined case is used which is hermetically sealed before shipment. Glass is shipped by the hardware department packed by a secret process employed by H.B.C. packers, and, though glass is shipped to the farthest northern points, no instance of a single breakage has ever been reported. Flour and sugar are double sacked. Extra-short, clear (sow belly) bacon is also double sacked. Since January 1st the wholesale-depot has shipped 30,000 pounds of this bacon to northern posts.

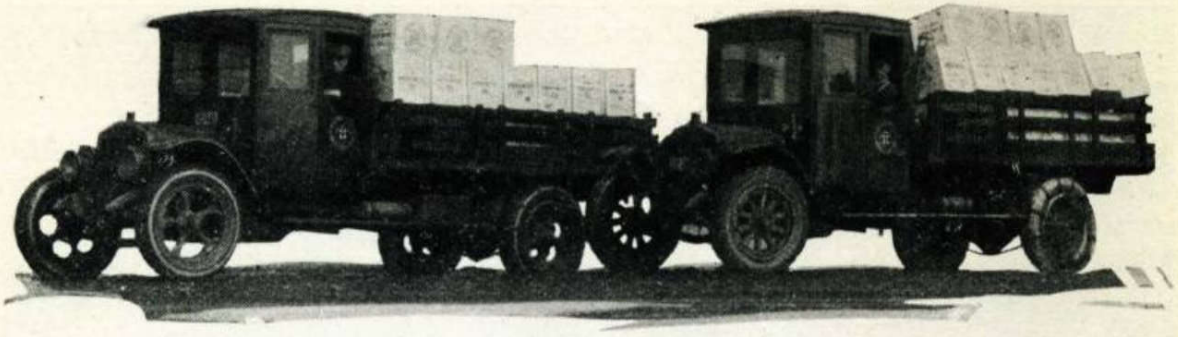
The Company has a reputation for putting up the best packed merchandise in Canada. H.B.C. packers feel that they turn out the best in the world, and will not admit that their work is excelled even by the Company's London packing department. In any case, the small number of complaints received regarding packing done at the wholesale depot would indicate that the work is done in a very efficient manner.

H.B.C. MODERN CANDY FACTORY

A completely equipped H.B.C. candy factory is operated at Winnipeg in connection with the wholesale-depot. The finest grades of mixed chocolates are put in distinctive packages of several sizes and many thousands of pounds of hard candies and confectionery of remarkable variety are manufactured here. H.B.C. department stores and hundreds of retail confectioners and tobacconists from the great lakes to the Pacific coast feature H.B.C. candies made at Winnipeg under the brands of Luxura, Country Club and Royal Dessert.

H.B.C. TEA BLENDING AND PACKING PLANT

Rangalla and several other brands of Hudson's Bay teas are blended and packed in the up-to-date tea packing plant of the Company's wholesale-depot. Experts are in charge of this work and machinery of the



A Part of the Wholesale-Depot Fleet of Motor Trucks

latest design is operated by the department. An experienced staff, efficient equipment and clean, sanitary, cheerful workrooms contribute to a large production of high quality teas which are maintaining their good name and ever increasing in popularity among leading retailers throughout the west. Teas are put up at this plant for the Company's far-spread fur trade posts in the north and for H.B.C. department stores.

TEA WEIGHING AND PACKING PROCESS

An automatic weigher is used for weighing one-pound and half-pound packages. A small motor operates the agitator inside the weigher to draw the tea from the feeding box above. Note illustration No. 1.

TEA TASTING IS DONE BY AN EXPERT

To explain the process by which an expert tea taster has reached his standard of efficiency is a difficult matter. First he must possess a sensitive palate, which is trained and developed only by years of experience. Only through careful training is he able to attain that requisite amount of reliability essential to his becoming a very sound judge of tea. Even more intricate is the knowledge required by a taster who is also a blender of teas. The different characteristics of the hundreds of kinds of tea must be instantly recognizable to him, and he must know which teas produce, when blended together, the desired results. Tea-tasters never swallow the liquor when tasting; they allow the liquid to rest upon the palate and roll it around in the mouth. The object of tasting the liquor is to determine the drinking qualities of the tea, that is, the flavor, body, pungency and strength. Note illustration No. 3.

TEA BLENDING TO PRODUCE PLEASING EFFECTS

The Company are large importers of tea obtained direct from the various countries of growth, India, Ceylon, Java, Japan, Formosa and China. Teas are bought after carefully testing or cupping the samples submitted. On arrival teas of different kinds are blended for the purpose of producing results which could not otherwise be obtained. A combination of several flavors of the different kinds of teas which constitute a well selected blend unite and in their union produce pleasing effects. The main object in tea mixing is to produce a tea that will please the people who are to drink it; and in order to do this, radical changes in flavor and strength must be avoided and a blend of teas chosen that will combine the expected drinking qualities and, at the same time, create and cause to stand out prominently in the cup a particular

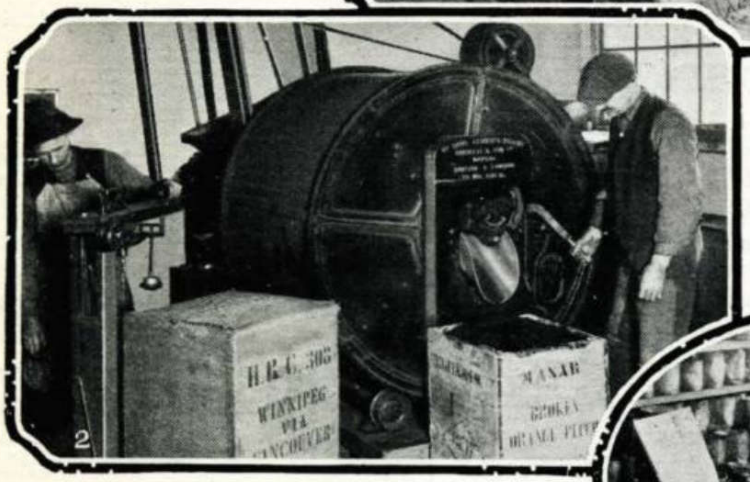
flavor, distinctive and yet akin to the accustomed one. In order to supply the demand for H.B.C. teas, the tea blending room operates a tea blending machine. It is electrically driven. The starting lever is used in combination with a timing gear, and provides for revolving the cylinder a pre-determined number of revolutions and automatically stopping when the required number as set is completed. A dust extractor fitted to the blender removes the fine powdery tea dust from the cylinder during operation. See illustration No. 2.

1. Preparing a shipment of Rangalla Tea in the packing room. Note tea weighing machine and package filler.

2. Tea mixing machine of large capacity.

3. E. J. Hughes, tea department manager, "tasting the blend."

4. H. B. C. Wholesale Depot Building at Winnipeg.



H.B.C. MARINE AND RIVER TRANSPORT NEWS

THE *Ss. Athabasca River* was successfully launched last month and sailed on her maiden trip from Fort McMurray May 7th with full cargo for northern points. Captain L. Morton was in command.

The new H.B.C. transport route down the Pagwa and Albany rivers to Fort Albany on James Bay will be opened this season. Since April 1st the fifty-foot twin-screw tunnel-type tug *Pagwa River* and ten fifteen-ton scows for this route have been constructed, the latter under the supervision of Captain Haight. The scows are now loaded with supplies for Marten's falls and English river posts; also advance supplies for Fort Albany and other James Bay posts. The fleet will sail as soon as the water rises. Prior to this season the Company's supplies for this part of Northern Ontario have been transported annually by another concern.

The H.B.C. western Arctic schooner *Lady Kindersley* is in drydock at Vancouver being overhauled and will sail for the Arctic about June 15th with Captain G. Foellmer.

Work on the new H.B.C. motor boat *Liard River* at Fort McMurray is nearing completion, and the boat is expected to leave for her first trip on the Liard river about June 15th.

The H.B.C. motor schooner *Weenusk* left Peace river May 12th with full cargo and complement of passengers for down-river points and Fort Vermilion.

FUR TRADE DEPARTMENT STAFF NOTES

Ralph Parsons, district manager for the St. Lawrence-Labrador district, left last month on an inspection of the gulf posts. After finishing at Bersimis, Seven Islands and Mingan, he was obliged to return to Montreal because of the ice blockade in the St. Lawrence below Natashquan.

T. P. O'Kelly, of the fur trade commissioner's office, is in Vancouver assisting with the assembling and shipping of supplies for the Kamchatka venture.

Captain R. H. Taylor has been appointed to command the *Fort York,* distributing vessel for the Nelson river district.

Captain Kean has been appointed to take charge of the H.B.C. motor schooner *Fort Churchill,* which will assist the *Ss. Inenew* this season in the distribution of supplies for the James Bay district.

L. Romanet, acting district manager for the Mackenzie river district, left Fort McMurray on the *Ss. Athabasca River* for his annual inspection of far northern posts.

John Melven, post inspector for the Mackenzie river district, has been appointed Company's acting general inspector for the fur trade. He will leave Montreal on the *Ss. Nascopie* July 14th for inspection in the Nelson river district.

R. Hooker, assistant district manager for Saskatchewan, has been transferred to the Mackenzie river district and will be located at Fort Simpson with supervision over posts in that section.

Hugh Conn, postmaster at The Pas, succeeds Mr. Hooker in the Saskatchewan district.

James McCashin, of the Peace river district, succeeds Mr. Conn at The Pas.

W. M. Ross, district accountant at North Bay, Ont., underwent a serious operation last month and is progressing favourably.

H. M. Hawkins returned to his post in James Bay district after completing a six months' furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. A. Wilmot, district headquarters, Fort William, are the proud parents of a baby boy born April 29th. Nine and one-half pounds.

W. R. Mitchell has been appointed to take charge of the Chesterfield subsection of the Nelson river district, with headquarters at Fort Chesterfield.

Pierre Mercredi

An Interview with One of the Oldest Hudson's Bay Servants

PIERRE Mercredi was born at Fort Chipewyan in 1862. He attended school at Fort Providence, Mackenzie river district, until fourteen years of age.

Chief Factor Roderick McFarlane, who was in charge to the Athabasca district then, took an interest in Pierre and instructed him in many things.

In his youth Pierre associated much with the Crees and Chipewyans, and had quite a lot of influence with these Indians. At the age of eighteen Pierre engaged himself to the Hudson's Bay Company as a yearly servant. He has been a fur buyer for the Company throughout his career, and this work has been his hobby. He always has been a competent fur buyer; his greatest ambition always to get the most furs.

Leisure hours were spent by him in the Indian camps frolicking with the natives. His plan was to amuse his customers and then get the bales of furs stored in their camps. Even in midwinter he was out visiting by night, spying in every wigwam, if any Indian had furs to barter. If a native had a fox or marten and would not sell, Pierre was not satisfied and would not rest until he had worked out some plan to obtain the pelts. Such was his desire to have the Company remain foremost in buying furs.

Pierre never hated any traders, but he used great sagacity to see them foiled. Many were the schemes by which he harassed his competitors in the fur trade. For his customers' welfare he went almost to extremes.

He travelled once to a Cree camp at Peace Pointe with a man named Joe Bird. They arrived at the camp late at night. Mercredi, knowing that the rival traders were coming behind, endeavoured to buy all the furs at once. The chief of the camp, Toma Jibot, agreed to sell all his furs to the Company, providing all goods required were at once available. Negotiations started; furs were counted and priced. Toma had traded for almost all the supplies he needed when he noticed he had no powder for shooting foxes next morning. Toma wanted ammunition at once. Mercredi, aware of the danger of handling powder by firelight, begged Toma to wait until daybreak. Toma, rebellious over this proposal, demanded all his furs back. Mercredi preferred to serve and please his customers rather than lose the furs. Joe Bird brought into camp twenty pounds of powder. While Mercredi was measuring it a spark of fire fell in the powder. The explosion hurled Mercredi and Toma several feet away in the snow and tore the wigwam to atoms. The two victims had their faces and hands badly charred, but luckily their eyes were not damaged.

After Mercredi came to his senses, he enquired about the furs, and was glad to hear they were saved. Joe Bird, coming to the rescue, took Pierre home, where, under the care of Doctor McKay, he recovered after two months' treatment.

Dr. McKay resigned in the year 1898, and George Drever was appointed in charge of Fort Chipewyan post. Mr. Drever was confident of Mercredi's ability in trading with the Indians and fur buying, and left him in charge of this work at the fort.

One day a rumor spread among the Crees that the *Ogema*, or Hudson's Bay officers, were going to discontinue trading with the Crees for some unknown reason. This set the Crees in an uproar, for they had much fur. Mercredi proceeded to the scene of hostilities, and, being well known to them, was welcomed on his first appearance. The chief of the insurgents, the Eagle, invited Pierre for tea, after which came the fur question.

The Crees, still hostile, repulsed all negotiations, but the *Ogema* was persistent. In a flash of inspiration he remembered the Crees' passion for dancing, and proposed a big dance to the chief, who at once agreed. The squaws volunteered to cook the bannock, rice and raisins, and several kettles of sweetened tea were filled. After the food was cooked and taken to the site of the festival, every Cree, young and old, was invited to come and dance. They all gorged on the feast. The *Ogema* was then the leader of the dance.

The chief joined the chorus and all the members of the tribe. Squaws dressed with garments of all colors of the rainbow filled up the dancing ring. The jubilee lasted for hours. Everyone danced for all he was worth. The tom-tom roared until dawn, and before daylight all hostile feelings were gone. The gloom was banished, and all the good spirits converged towards the good *Ogema* who made the dance.

In return for this favour the *Ogema* was given the privilege of selecting from the best remaining pelts. The *Ogema*'s boat being too small to carry his cargo of furs home, he hired another canoe, and after friendly leave-takings with the chief and his tribe he set sail for home.

In 1903 George Drever retired from the service and Pierre Mercredi was given charge of Fort Chipewyan by Factor W. T. Livock. He remained in charge for ten years, then Mr. Fughl was elected Athabasca district manager. Mercredi was on the verge of retiring from the service when Angus Brabant, whose justice toward the Company's servants is a matter of common knowledge, re-engaged him at once. Mercredi then took the trip down to the land of the Midnight Sun. He served one year at Fort Smith, going from there to take charge of Fort Rae. Here he once more won the esteem of the Indians.

From Fort Rae Mercredi was sent to Fort Resolution, and remained in charge there for three years. During this time he was assisted by two faithful servants, Louis Roy and Joe Houle. The former is a sturdy Canadian whose intellectual faculty is of a high order; the latter has been many years in the service of the Company, and always had the reputation of being clever in buying furs and competing in the fur trade. This staff of Fort Resolution has prevailed in many skirmishes directed against the great emblem of *pro pelle cutem*.

On the 250th anniversary of the H.B.C., Mr. Mercredi was decorated with a gold medal and three gold bars for over thirty years' service. He was at Fort Resolution then, and supervised the banquet given to the Indians by the Company, explaining how long the Company had been incorporated and recalling memorable accomplishments under the flag that floated over them; how it brought the first flashes of civilization to their forefathers and, over one century gone by, their ancestors had smoked the pipe of peace with the bearers of this flag; and therefore the Company had made a great display over all Canada in commemoration of these events.

Old Chief Marbo gave a speech to the several tribesmen, urging everyone to revere the flag that had saved them from famine several times. They all vowed fidelity to the Company.

Madame Pierre Mercredi devoted her energies and skill for several days in preparing the festival. For the first time in history pastries and cakes were served to the aboriginal Indians. Imported eatables were gathered from all parts of the Dominion—caribou tongues and pemmican from the barren lands, jams from Ontario, fruits from B.C., and other adjuncts were concentrated there for the delectation of the guests. The Indians were several hundred in number, amongst them being the Chipewyans, Yellow Knives, Dog Ribs and Slaves. These different tribes were very friendly. They all danced together in honor of the flag that has floated so long. The drums of the four different tribes harmonized the

rhythmic tunes of the dancing songs and occasional enthustiastic cheers echoed far back in the woods. The feast lasted three days and nights in succession, and left a deep impression on the minds of the Indians that are now roaming the Arctic circle.

Mr. Mercredi is now on a year's holiday at his home at Fort Chipewyan and, being still strong and active, will probably return to the service of the Company.

Mr. Mercredi has been offered several positions, but always to compete with the Company, and consequently never accepted them. Madame Mercredi has also largely contributed by her hospitality in the accommodation of the boy clerks and travelling officers. She is respected by all classes of visitors and represents the acme of benevolence in the north.

Pierre Mercredi is now 61 years of age, and his wife 56. This respected couple have raised a large family, mostly boys, who are now scouting the north and hold trustworthy positions. Mr. Mercredi's motto is, "*Be virtuous and thou shalt be happy.*"

They say when your hand itches you can expect company. When your head itches you have company.

English as She Is Spoke

INDIANS, in the course of becoming civilized, commit very many crimes against the English language, one of which is given below, which took place at old Fort Babine.

Several Indians here have horses and cattle but, owing to an exceptionally dry season, are short of hay. There is a government salmon hatchery near here where they are sometimes employed and become accustomed to terms used there.

One of them came to the store one morning with an unusually long face and relieved himself of this: "One my cow he spawn. That colt maybe he die sure. Cow too poor no milk stop. Too bad!"

I heartily agreed with him but thought his English was possibly "too worse."—*Cyril Elkington, Old Fort Babine.*

H.B.C. Chief Factor the "Father of Oregon"

At the "Pageant of Wascopam" at The Dalles, Oregon, U.S.A., May 26th, an entire act was devoted to the part played by the Hudson's Bay Company in the history of Oregon and the Columbia river valley. The following is quoted from the pageant programme:

"Dr. John McLoughlin, well called the 'Father of Oregon,' came as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Oregon country in 1824. He was a great man upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess and a nobility which no earthly sovereign can confer. Had it not been for the practical kindness of Dr. McLoughlin, many of the early American immigrants would have suffered greatly."

York Factory in the Days of R. M. Ballantyne

By CHRIS HARDING

OF THE many books of adventure by different writers on life in the Arctic wilds, those of R. M. Ballantyne can be placed in the front row for variety of detail and correctness of observation. His description and conditions are nearly perfect. Wielding the pen with readiness and ease he carries one back to the days when he lived in Rupert's Land.

Ballantyne joined the Hudson's Bay Company as a lad of sixteen and landed for the first time on the shores of the New World at York Factory in 1841, and was immediately sent inland. After two years at Red River and Norway House he turned up again at York Factory, where he spent the years 1843 and 1844.

His description of York Factory is not very grand—"a monstrous blot on a swampy spot with a partial view of the frozen sea"—and in the course of his sketch he gives us a review of the life and conditions as they were then, and it is remarkable how truly he pictures the scenes which have come down to the present time. He tells of sleigh journeys and carriole rides. These latter were "conveyances for the gentlemen of the Company, and were used by those who were too old to walk or too lazy to run."

He ushers us to the banquet given by the chief factor on Christmas Day and the dance at night, which is typical of today. He takes us on his journeys over rivers and forest and makes us acquainted with Indians and mosquitoes, and says that "the Indians do not mind these pests (mosquitoes), being accustomed to their annoyances much in the same way eels are to being skinned." We accompany him on his hunting excursions among the winter swamps where the ptarmigan and partridges are plentiful, and in spring and fall to Marsh Point where geese and ducks are found in abundance. This state of affairs does not prevail today. It is now a treat to have a meal of wild-fowl.

Besides being a writer, Ballantyne was an accomplished draughtsman and a painter of no mean order. Though an amateur with the brush, his pictures have hung on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy.

A stranger coming to York Factory today, on entering the mess room, will be struck with admiration at the two large pictures hung on the walls. These are oil paintings on canvas about five by seven feet. One is the *Battle of Trafalgar*, depicting the *Victory* engaged with a large French three-decker, and her flag is struck as the Union Jack flies above the tricolour. The paintings look very old, and have been traced by the brush of a master. I have made enquiries from the oldest inhabitants here, and some remember fifty years back, but they say that these paintings were done long before their time by a young clerk. Is there any old Hudson's Bay officer living who can throw any light on the matter? It would be interesting to know who was the artist, knowing that Mr. Ballantyne was an amateur painter. These subjects would certainly have appealed to him as a young man. The question is: Did he paint these pictures? If it can be proved that such is the case, the paintings would be of considerable historic value.

Many oak trees have been planted by squirrels. The squirrel is in the habit of burying acorns for his winter store. His industry is great but his memory fails him, and when he tells his wife that "he can't think where he put that acorn" there is the chance of another British oak.

Whale Hunting in James Bay

By C. H. M. GORDON
(*Fort Alexander*)

INDIAN reports were received that porpoise, or white whales, were in the habit of making nocturnal excursions during high tide up a certain creek about eight miles north of the post. As we kept fourteen husky dogs for tripping to Moose Factory and Eastmain post, we decided to have a try to secure a number for dog feed.

The creek was about ten yards wide at its mouth, but got smaller further up and extended quite a distance inland. At the mouth were quite a number of sand bars which, when the tide went out, were high and dry, whilst the rest of the creek was still deep.

Our plan for capturing the whales was simple—merely stretching across the creek at a convenient spot a net weighted with a boat chain and backed with a stout rope which was secured by stakes driven into the bank. It was set at low water and allowed to lie in the bottom of the creek until the whales passed over it, then raised and buoyed with small kegs.

We were told by an old whale hunter that it was not necessary to use a strong net, because his experience at Whale river led him to understand that the whales never rushed a net, but turned back when they saw one.

Acting upon this advice we had a special net made of number 9 Holland twine, backed with a one-half-inch manila rope, to be weighted by a light boat chain and buoyed with two gallon kegs.

Our party consisted of Factor D. McTavish, six servants and myself. I was at that time an apprentice clerk and was greatly excited at the prospect of going whale hunting.

One of our York boats was requisitioned. Into this we loaded two canoes and tents and provisions for a week. We were each supplied with an old army Snider rifle, which we kept in stock at the post for supplying the Eskimos.

In order not to frighten the whales, our tents were pitched some distance from the creek, but near enough to see

when a whale entered. The first night's watch was without results, as the whales did not put in an appearance. The second night was beautifully clear and calm, an ideal night for whales. Long before midnight we could hear them blowing far out in the bay; so, even at low tide, we did not sleep much that night, as we were all too much excited at the idea of obtaining a whale. As the tide continued to flow, we could hear them coming closer. And now we could distinctly see them through our field glasses heading in the direction of the creek. They passed over our net and were lost to sight.

With a great effort on our part, we lay low a little longer, fearing they might get our scent and return before we were ready for them. Then we all made a dash for the creek, and in a very short time the net was stretched tight, buoyed, and the backing line securely staked. Each man had his rifle in readiness. We decided that on their approach we would all make as much noise as we could so as to keep them up the creek until the sand bars at its mouth got dry. Some of us openly expressed our doubt whether the net would hold them should they become frightened and make a rush; in which case nothing would stop them except a bullet planted in a vulnerable spot, which those who were supposed to know said was the blow hole.

After what appeared to be quite an age, those on watch further up the creek signalled that they were coming; and then we raised such a deafening racket which should have frightened anything—except a whale. Evidently these particular six whales were deaf or had a pressing invitation elsewhere, because on approaching the net they never circled as they should have done, but came straight on, went through the net as if it was made of reel thread, and continued on their way to the bay. Meanwhile we were not idle. When they rose to the surface they received many a volley, but none happened to hit the spot we had argued about previously.

It was ludicrous to see those six whales, each with a collarette around its neck and a streamer dragging behind from the net, pursued by two canoes of angry men, who followed in the hope of getting in a shot.

Camp was struck and everything loaded again into the boat, and we returned to the post sadder but much wiser, vowing that we would get results next time.

The following fall we made a net of one-half-inch manila rope, backed by the same kind but one-quarter of an inch stouter. A heavier chain was also used. Our previous experience made us confident that even this would not stand their assault if a number of them made a rush simultaneously, but we trusted that we might keep them up the creek until the tide was low enough to strand them.

We again set sail with some additional hands and went through the same performance as before. Luck was with us. Whilst making their way down the creek two whales were killed outright. Whether the others hung around those shot I do not know; suffice it to say that the tide went out and left them high and dry. We captured five. One was a tremendous size and required the combined efforts of all hands to get it into the boat. We made a number of trips every fall for the same purpose, but never got any large number at one time. Eventually the whales stopped entering the creek, so our whale hunting was abandoned, and we had to look for dog feed elsewhere.

A MORE USEFUL SPOT

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes. "Do you want the shoulders padded?" asked the tailor. "No," said Willie, meaningly, "pad the pants."

OBLIGING

Tramp—Your dog bit a piece of flesh out of my leg, mum.

Woman—Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to feed him.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (William Briggs)

The parson started violently and opened his mouth as if to say something, but decided on silence.

"That is all I have to say," said Alec, moving to the door. On the threshold he paused and looked back. "Tell Bob I am sorry for the dirty trick I played on him. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXVII

"My Daughter!"

"STOP!" cried Mr. MacDonald, whirling round. "Where are you going, sir?"

Alec came back and stood looking at his father in puzzled inquiry. "Father, I thought—" he began.

"Then don't think, sir," blustered MacDonald, obviously trying to hide his emotion. "What the devil do you mean by it? The man whom you wronged most of all has forgiven you, and do you think that I will be behind any man that ever breathed, even if forgiveness is his own particular line of business? No, sir!" He blew his nose violently.

The clergyman stood smiling and nodding his head admiringly. "Good! good!" he muttered.

"My dear father—" began the young fellow.

"Not so fast, young man," his father interrupted him. "You have done a lot of talking, and I have no doubt that a great deal of what you said is true. In refusing to incriminate that scoundrel, Miner, you have at least shown yourself more worthy the name of a man." Again he blew his nose vigorously.

"My dear friend," ventured Armstrong with a serious smile.

"Be quiet, parson," commanded MacDonald testily. "Hang it all, you won't allow me to get a word in edgeways. As for you, young man," he continued, addressing his son. "Don't 'dear father' me until you hear what is in store for you."

While he was saying these words, Marjorie and Bob Armstrong, responding to the magnetic drag which others felt, came in. They halted just within the room and stood still and silent, gazing from Alec to his father with breathless fear. There was apprehension on the girl's face, but her fears were put to rest by her brother's next words. She smiled joyfully, and in her excitement clutched her companion's arm tightly, striving not to speak.

"What matters anything as long as you have taken me back to your heart again, father," said Alec.

"Hem!" commented the factor, more moved than he cared to show, blowing his nose with unexampled violence. "A very pretty speech, young man; but wait. I was going to say, when the parson interrupted me" (he paused and threw a severe glance at that gentleman, who made an apologetic gesture, "that the clerk in charge at Trout Lake post is in bad health and writes to be relieved. I give you that post. You will marry that girl and proceed there at once by dog-train, taking your wife with you." He spoke the last words quickly, as if costing an effort. "There, young man, is your opportunity! What do you say? Do you accept?"

"Readily, father," answered Alec without hesitation.

"I am glad to hear it. You are my son, my only son," here Mr. MacDonald choked a little, "and I had other plans for your future. But you have chosen your own life, and I will not stand in your way. Let your future conduct be worthy of my son and you shall never hear another word from me on the subject."

At this Marjorie, unable to restrain herself any longer, rushed up to her father and flung her arms around his neck in a strangling embrace, while Bob, going up to Alec offered him his hand, which, after a slight hesitation, the young fellow took and shook heartily.

"Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the parson, greatly pleased at the outcome, also wringing Alec's hand.

"Oh, my poor, dear, kind father!" sobbed Marjorie.

"Tut, tut, my child!" said her father. "Why, what in the world are you crying for?" he demanded fiercely, at the same time surreptitiously wiping a tear from his own eye. "Stop your crying, miss; stop it this instant."

At that moment they were startled by a sharp, official kind of knock upon the door, which was opened by the clergyman, who happened to be nearest, and in walked Inspector Blake, followed by the corporal and constable with Miner in custody.

The prisoner looked horrible with his matted red wig, face as white as paper, deep sunken eyes and trembling limbs.

There was a chorus of mingled exclamations.

The officer surveyed the group with a smile. "Pray do not look at me so gloomily," he said. "I have not come as an enemy. I have not come to arrest anybody." His eyes wandered over to Alec before he went on; then, turning to Mr. MacDonald, he continued, "though I saw Rogers and he gave me your message, sir."

The chief factor bowed grimly; there was combat in his eye.

"I bring you good news," Blake told Armstrong. Then addressing the others: "It may appear strange to you that an inspector of police should engage in such, I might say, negative occupation, but such is the case nevertheless. We have caught your bootlegger."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the clergyman. "Was it Miner?"

"Yes," said Blake with a laugh, "he was manufacturing the stuff under your very noses. The corporal discovered him burying a small still at the back of his cabin shortly after our arrival; but, knowing the fellow could not get away, I allowed him to remain at large, expecting developments."

"The scoundrel!" growled Mr. MacDonald, in whom a blind hatred of the man still raged.

"But he nearly got away from us," added Blake. "He had everything packed and was ready to take his departure it seemed when the corporal arrested him, but appeared to be detained by something, probably something to complete his outfit. He has been living among you in this disguise." The officer lifted Miner's red wig off his head.

"Good heavens!" MacDonald cried, starting forward and staring at the man with surprise and astonishment. "It is George Dickson!"

"You knew him under that name?" Blake asked.

MacDonald nodded. "No wonder I thought his features familiar!"

At a sign from their officer, the corporal and constable led Miner away.

"He is known to the police under a number of aliases," said Blake. "He has played a long game and a tricky one, but I think it is now all up with him. We are holding him on a charge of illegally manufacturing spirituous liquor, but a graver charge will be preferred against him as soon as I have had time to investigate some startling facts that came to my notice this morning. It looks as if murder will be added to his black list of crimes."

"Murder!" was the horrified chorus.

"Yes. He is accused of the murder of the half-breed Daniel Sinclair, whose body the corporal discovered yesterday." Then, addressing the chief factor. "And I am afraid we shall have to take your servant *Little Song* along too. She was eyewitness to the crime, it seems. It was on her information that the man's arrest was made."

"Good heavens!" said MacDonald. "What a succession of intensely dramatic scenes to take place at a remote trading post."

"And now, Mr. Armstrong," said Blake, turning to the parson, "I will accept your surety for Mr. Bob's appearance before a justice of the peace at such time and place as may be hereafter determined."

The clergyman nodded, smiling his satisfaction.

"While you, Mr. MacDonald, will do the like for Mr. Alec here?"

"Sure!" replied the factor. Then suddenly extending his hand he said earnestly: "Inspector Blake, you are a man of honor. I apologize for my conduct towards you."

Blake wrung the proffered hand.

"You have acted as your duty required. At first, by arresting our young friend Bob, you displayed your courage and now, by your clemency, you prove your kind and generous heart. I heard from my daughter," went on the downright old fellow, "and I also perceived for myself the hopes you at one time entertained, and your true and generous act towards us after their disappointment has raised you in my estimation. Hang it! It is fine and manly of you."

"Thank you, sir. It was with reluctance that I did my duty. I certainly endeavored to execute it because it was my duty; but I am afraid," turning to Marjorie, "Miss Marjorie thought differently. I felt too plainly, too painfully, that she ascribed my action to the jealousy of a fortunate rival and so despised me. But now, although I cannot win her love, I have, I hope, won back her esteem. Or are you still angry with me, Miss Marjorie?"

"I was very angry with you," she admitted.

MIDDLE-SKY-MAN, Cree Indian of the Muscowpetung Reserve, Saskatchewan, holding in his hand the document which made the last Hudson's Bay chief among the Plains Crees. This document, bearing the seal of the H.B.C., signed by Factor W. J. Christie, on the "strong recommendation of A. W. Buchanan," was made out at Swan River District No. 52 in the year of 1851. In the old days the H.B.C. selected Indians who were influential among their people and friendly towards the Company and made chiefs of them. These chiefs were usually recognised by the Indians.—Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance.

"You are not angry with me now, are you?"

Marjorie regarded him with sparkling eyes and reached out her hand impulsively. "No, how could I be, now?" she laughed at him softly.

Then Blake turned to Bob. "I wish you joy with all my heart," he said heartily and bravely. "I'd give everything I have in the world to stand in your shoes."

"Thank you," said Bob, taking his hand, but not without confusion. "You're a brick, but your congratulations are a little premature."

The color came in a flood to Marjorie's face.

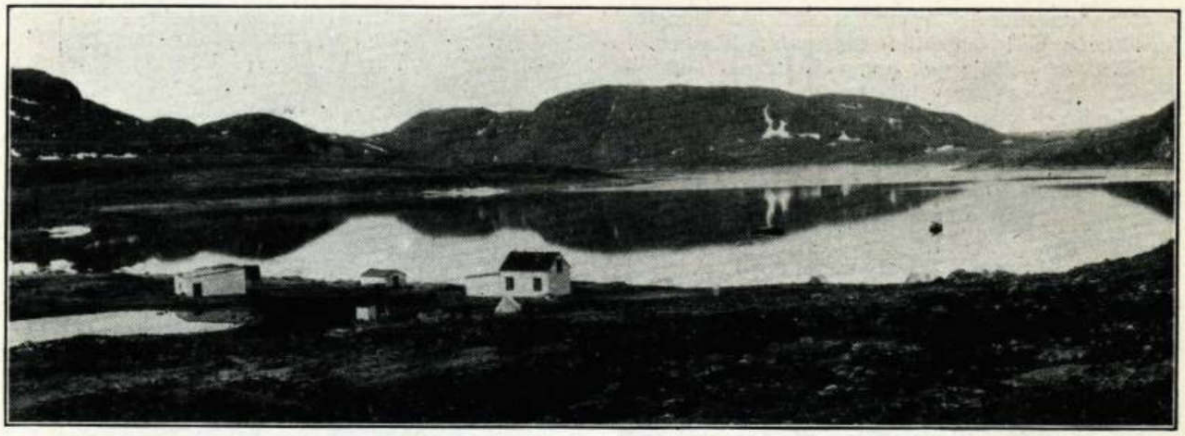
Blake laughed awkwardly.

"You are not one of those who look on and see nothing, eh?" said the factor. At which sally everyone laughed.

"Well, I must be going," said the officer, moving toward the door. "Good-bye, good people."

"Good-bye, inspector! Good-bye."

Naturally, the inspector's announcement simplified matters greatly, but, before a word



CAPE DORSET—Post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the southwestern coast of Baffin Island, Hudson Straits.

could be said on the subject, the voice of Mrs. MacDonald was heard speaking quite near. At a sign from the factor everyone but he and Alec noiselessly disappeared.

Soon Mrs. MacDonald came in. Seeing her husband and her son, she halted and stood looking from one to the other. Then, as she gradually took in the truth, a look of infinite relief came into her face and, addressing her husband, she said, and there was a little quiver of joy in her voice:

"Oh, father, you have forgiven Alec!"

She went quickly up to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, dear wife," said Mr. MacDonald in a rueful voice, but with something of happiness lilting behind it. "He has promised me to reform, and I believe the young reprobate means it this time."

"I certainly do, mother dear," said Alec, coming to her side. "Father is giving me a chance to make good; I am to have charge of Trout Lake post."

At these words his mother started with dismay and turned quickly to her husband. "What, he, a mere boy?" she cried. "Oh Duncan, it is so far away," she added in an earnest, anxious voice.

Her husband gave a short, uneasy laugh, intended to dissipate her fears, but which only increased them.

"When will you understand, mother, that Alec is twenty-two, and therefore no longer a boy?" he asked seriously. "Why, before *I* was twenty-two," he went on briskly, "I had married the best little woman in the world."

"You were always a forward youth," his wife told him, with a pathetic smile. "But thank goodness, Alec is not thinking anything of that sort."

Father and son exchanged glances. Then, taking his resolution, Alec announced shamefacedly, "Mother, you do not know the worst."

Mrs. MacDonald stiffened and caught her hand to her breast in a way she had when startled.

"Gracious Heavens, boy!" she faltered hoarsely, her voice rendered almost inaudible by her apprehension. "Then tell me the worst, unless you intend me to die on the spot. Come, speak out."

Alec swallowed hard and looked appealingly at his father, who motioned him to silence. To the woman watching them it was evident that they were as much disconcerted as she was herself.

"It's a bad job," announced Mr. MacDonald slowly, as if dreading the effect of his words. "But we have got to make the best of it. Alec is to be married shortly."

A little startled cry escaped the distressed mother. Then, recovering herself in some measure, she said in a dazed kind of way, "Alec—to be married—shortly! Alec—our boy—married!"

"Come, come, wife," said her husband in an attempt to soothe her. "It is rather sudden, but it is at my wish."

Mrs. MacDonald straightened up, still dazed.

"At your wish," she said slowly. "And where is the woman coming from, pray? There is no one here," she added considering, "unless it be—" she stopped abruptly and looked from one to the other in afright. "It is not a native—say that it is not a native!" she burst forth, standing very tense as a thought on the instant struck her.

Alec hung his head.

"Wife, listen to me," requested MacDonald huskily. "What I am going to say will distress you, but there is no getting away from it. The woman is *Little Song*, your servant girl."

The poor woman gazed at her husband quite aghast. "My God!" she gasped.

And for a moment all three stood there speechless.

At last MacDonald said, clearing his throat, "Mother, our boy has been making love to *Little Song* for months. He has pledged his word to marry her."

Mrs. MacDonald sobbed broken-heartedly.

"Come, wife," he soothed, "Alec has chosen his own lot. We must make the best of it. Don't reproach him."

"But the girl is an Indian," protested the horrified parent, with a sudden bitterness. "You were always opposed to mixed marriages."

"And am still, my dear. But my son's honor is at stake, and that is of more importance to me than the color of his wife's skin."

The woman gazed wonderingly at her husband; then, with the light of understanding in her eyes and uttering a sigh which was almost a groan, she said:

"I understand. Oh, Duncan," she added with a look of profound affection, "you are a noble man." Then, addressing her son, she said, "If this marriage will keep you what you ought to be in future it may be a blessing in God's hands. But you must bear with me if I find it difficult all at once to overcome my prejudices. I will do so as soon as I can. Now, bring the girl to me." Alec went in search of *Little Song*, who, on entering the room presently, stood with hanging head; then on a sudden ran to her mistress and fell at her feet.

A spasm of anguish shot across Mrs. MacDonald's set features and for an instant she seemed to falter, then, looking bravely across at her husband, she gently raised the girl and, taking her face between both hands, kissed her upon the forehead, saying, "My daughter!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Conclusion

OUR story is now almost told. In truth, it might very well have ended with the climax at the end of the last chapter, and would have, the last important point in the story having been made, were it not that I am convinced that the reader would prefer the more prominent characters of this history to be dealt with in a less summary manner.

In compliance with this belief, I will dismiss each of them separately, giving each a separate sentence as it were, beginning with our bad people.

Tried before a jury of twelve good men and true, Miner was found guilty of the murder of the half-breed Daniel Sinclair and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. One morning precisely at eight o'clock he was taken from his cell to a scaffold erected in the prison yard. Several men, all in black, attended him in this his last walk. One of the men carried a book. Miner's arms from the elbows upwards had been pinioned by his sides, but he could clench and unclench his powerful hands, and his legs trembled under him in the extremity of his terror, and he might have fallen if an arm had not been kindly put round him by the man with the book. Ascending the scaffold, the men took certain stations. One of them knelt before the pinioned man and put some stout straps round his legs and fastened them together. Then, rising, he placed a stout, white, new rope round the pinioned man's neck. The man with the book began reading the service for the burial of the dead over a live man who had not a minute to live. And—

All was over.

They had killed him. And they had done it very rapidly, adroitly and humanely, and not in the cruel way in which the savage and brutal man had killed the half-breed some months before. Ever since he had been sentenced to appear on that scaffold the good priest had been telling him to make his peace with God, though the man, now dead, had had no such mercy on the man he had killed in order that certain information might not reach the ears of the police. He had had a full three weeks to repent his sins and become a true Christian, and therefore it had been nobody's fault but his own if he had not done so. Anyhow, he had deserved to die, and was dead.

It has been written, "We may be quite sure that a fool who makes a false step will not recover it; though a wise man's stumble is often the happiest thing for him." Therefore, while not claiming any great degree of wisdom for our young friend Alec MacDonald, we cannot, if we put any credence in the maxim just given, place him in the same category as fools; for, from the moment of his turning over a new leaf, he reformed to such good purpose that even his censorious father had no further cause for complaint. After his marriage, which took place as quickly and as quietly as could possibly be contrived, Alec became a graver and more thoughtful young man, and soon displayed an aptitude for business that astonished and delighted the chief factor beyond measure. The lad had not been sent to Trout Lake as had been at first intended. His mother's pleadings had had their effect upon her husband, and it so happened that the manager at Fort Churchill had previously applied for a change of posts, so he had been transferred to Trout Lake and Alec put in his place at Churchill. Thus all were accommodated, with injustice to none. If our young friend ever regretted his marriage there is no record of it. He did not appear unhappy, though I do not advise any other white man to try the experiment. To the best of my knowledge, *Little Song* made him a good wife, and I have heard it said that much of her husband's popularity and success with the natives was due to her advice and judgment. Anyhow, there is no gainsaying that after her marriage the girl became her husband's enthusiastic supporter and helper. Unlike the general run of Indian girls, *Little Song* did not grow fat and homely with the passing of the years. She still retained her good looks and slight, willowy figure. There were no living children of the marriage. One there had been, but this had died at birth.

So much for our bad people.

In due course, Bob Armstrong became an ordained priest in holy orders, was straightway appointed by his bishop to the mission at Churchill, and shortly afterwards married to our dear Marjorie, the wedding taking place in the little galvanized-iron church at York Factory, where the girl's parents had taken the same vows in the long-long-ago. And, of course, the service was conducted by the bridegroom's father with great buoyancy of spirits and gladness of heart. Far be it from me, a mere man, to attempt to describe the garments of the bride. Suffice it to say that they were exceedingly becoming and all that sort of thing, and that, though rather nervous, the bride herself appeared very happy and looked extremely lovely. The bridesmaids did not cry, for the simple reason that there were none to perform this pathetic demonstration—the bride was unattended by any member of her sex. Our friend Rogers officiated as the bridegroom's friend, while Mr. MacDonald himself gave away the bride, and surely never before was this duty performed by so proud and joyful a parent! Eventually, the clergyman arrived at "amazement," and Marjorie remained Marjorie MacDonald no longer. She had become the wife of Robert Armstrong, Junior, who had promised to love her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep him only unto her so long as they both should live.

Boom! Boom! It must be admitted that when the newly married pair came out of the little iron church the cannon on the river bank proclaimed the glad news with dignity befitting

the occasion and that the church bells—there were two churches at York—wagged their tongues most joyously. Who would have recognized in their cheerful melody the metallic voices whose monotonous ding-dong-ding summoned all to church on Sunday mornings? Even the dogs about the post took up the *te deum,* wagged their tails and seemed to disport themselves in sheer exuberance of spirits.

Boom! Boom! Yes, there it was again. But this time, or so it seemed, there was something of sadness in the cannon's iron voice; while the joyous bells kept complete and mournful silence. "I am resigning to you a treasure," said MacDonald huskily, as he gripped Bob's hand warmly in farewell, "and I am quite sure that you will discover its value." "Be good to her, Bob! Oh, my dear, be good to her!" sobbed Mrs. MacDonald. The young married couple were leaving in a coast boat for Churchill, where they duly arrived and settled down to the work allotted them and where we shall leave them, convinced that in their married life they were happy indeed, as they deserved to be.

After that Chief Factor MacDonald remained in the service only a few more years. He and his wife left in the Company's ship for Montreal; in the doing of which he was most fortunate, or he would have lost the woman of whom he was so fond, as he afterwards learned. Once in civilization, poor Mrs. MacDonald found her secret hard to keep. A surgical operation was speedily performed upon her. This, though not promising to entirely eradicate the malignant disease with which she had suffered so long, gave her husband at least several more years of his beloved wife's society and love than would otherwise have been the case.

As for Rev. Armstrong, he remained at York. He was happy as a kind-hearted old gentleman could be, living in his work and for his work and with no wish left but to end his days among his people. Tried in the furnace, he had come forth like gold!

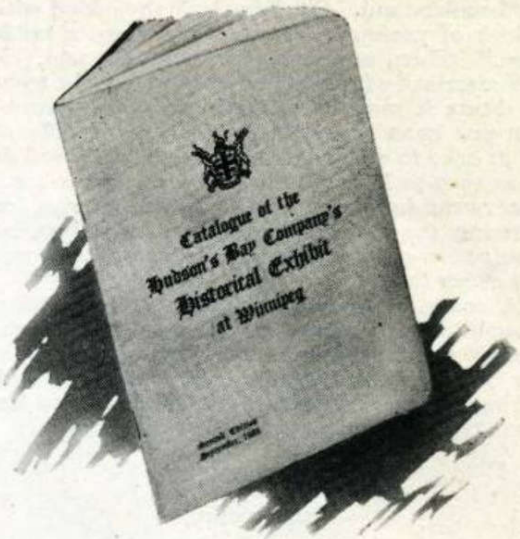
Of whom else is it necessary that a word or two should be said before I lay down my pen? Inspector Blake succeeded in his profession, and after a few years again "spoke" elsewhere, and this time with success. Whereby it would seem that our gallant officer did remarkably well for so unsentimental a person!

Corporal Watson received his sergeancy and remained with the force, but our warm-hearted and romantic friend Wilkins quickly purchased his discharge and entered another and more congenial walk in life. Occasionally he received a letter from his friend Bob, and if that friend's wife added a few words at the foot of her husband's epistle the big-hearted giant went red to the ears and chuckled with pleasure.

Kamenowaytum, the Indian chief, lived to a grand old age, and we may be sure he was constantly remembered by the young married pair at Churchill mission and that they let no opportunity slip to send their staunch old ally some token or other of their regard. With a new gun, much powder and shot, a great assortment of pipes and pounds of tobacco, surely it was impossible that he should ever have lacked.

THE END

It doesn't cost much to smile, unless you smile at a woman.



Free

A COPY of this catalogue of the Hudson's Bay Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg will be sent free to any reader of *The Beaver*. This book gives in condensed form considerable information of an historical nature about the Company, Life in the Service and Indians of the Northland. Address, Editor, *The Beaver,* Winnipeg.

General Office News

A. H. Doe, an assistant secretary for the Hudson's Bay Company at London, visited Montreal and Winnipeg last month while in Canada on Company's business. He is now visiting H.B.C. western branches.

We welcome Maurice J. Moulder, who comes to us from Messrs. Mendits, London, England. He has taken up duties in the audit department. His daughter, Doris Moulder, replaces Miss Myrtle Johnston, resigned.

V. J. Gayler has taken over the work of H. T. McCullagh, resigned.

Land Inspectors Leave

The following H.B.C. land inspectors left Winnipeg head office last month for the 1923 season in agricultural districts of the west: *T. Nicholls* for Swift Current, southwestern Saskatchewan; *J. B. Morrison* for Yorkton, Saskatchewan, and *J. McDill* for Estevan, Saskatchewan.

LETTER BOX

Fort Pitt

The Rev. R. G. MacBeth, D.D., of Vancouver, writes regarding Fort Pitt:

The notes in your February issue by Mr. Thos. H. Nicolls on Fort Pitt were very interesting. I have very distinct recollection of the stormy rebellion days of 1885, because some of us had put aside our student paraphernalia in Winnipeg to don the uniform and go out into the Big Bear country with the Winnipeg Light Infantry.

Marching across from Calgary to Edmonton, we went down in scows to Fort Victoria and thence overland through the Frog Lake district to Fort Pitt in pursuit of the Indian enemy. Frog Lake was a beautiful reserve set aside for Big Bear and his band.

But they had never been a docile body, and when Riel started his mad revolt and sent runners to stir up the Indians, Big Bear and Mamanook and Wandering Spirit broke out, massacred nine white people on the reserve and started to loot and burn the Hudson's Bay forts in the locality. Their spirit of destructiveness was in the ascendant; they erected a sun-dance lodge, smashed the machinery of the government grist mill into atoms, burned the buildings around and turned their beautiful district into a desolation

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

There was a handful of mounted police at Fort Pitt under command of Inspector Dickens, son of the famous novelist. We had hoped to get through to that point in time to prevent Big Bear from making an attack. But, despite forced marching, we arrived to find the fort on fire and the Indians vanished in retreat. Then we discovered what had happened. The two mounted policemen referred to by Mr. Nicolls were Corporal Loasby and Constable Cowan, who had been out scouting towards Frog lake and on their return had tried to break through several hundred Indians and reach the fort. Loasby's horse was shot and he himself wounded, but under fire of his comrades he, after simulating death to throw the Indians off the track, got up and rushed into the fort. Cowan was killed and we found his body near the brow of the hill where he had fallen.

The mounted police who were in our brigade gave his body a hurried military funeral, firing their *feu-de-joie* in the darkening night, a fitting tribute to a gallant trooper who had met his death after the manner of his race and the traditions of his famous corps in scarlet and gold.

W. J. McLean, the Hudson's Bay factor in charge at Fort Pitt, had come out to Big Bear's camp. His party deserve the grateful recognition of their country, because their aim, at the risk of their own lives with the Indians, was to save bloodshed and the wiping out of the little handful of mounted police, who would have held the fort till probably all would have been killed. When there was no longer any use in holding Fort Pitt, Inspector Dickens and his men dropped down the river on a raft to Battleford, where some of them were killed at Cut Knife Hill.

It is very interesting to learn from Mr. Nicolls' article that "swords have been turned into ploughshares" and that the scene of fighting in 1885 is being transformed into peaceful farms. That way lies Canada's hope for the future.

When Laziness Had Its Reward

By C. H. FRENCH

BACHELORS throughout unorganized districts have many different ways of taking care of their bread equipment. Some never use a pan but mix the bread in the flour sack; others have a piece of white canvas on which it is mixed; while others use an ordinary bread pan, but the pan is never cleaned.

My mode was the latter one, and it is not hard to picture just how dried flour and dough had accumulated around its walls and edges after being in use from September until May.

During March I found a lighthouse keeper and his family starving, and it was my duty to help them. In about one month what were sufficient provisions to carry me until the opening of navigation had disappeared. Fortunately, fish were plentiful. I never did like fish, and to be compelled to live on it for two months was a hardship indeed. In the morning it was boiled, later it was fried, then baked, then cooked whole before a camp-fire, then smoked, and so on until every method of cooking known to me had been tried.

All things have an ending, but the six weeks that passed before that ending came appeared long ones. Finally the snow disappeared around the roots of stumps and side-hills. Then the tender young shoots of nettles and such-like made their appearance and were very delicious greens, but after all were not nearly as much appreciated as was the caked flour and dough that through laziness was allowed to accumulate in my bread pan. Every grain was utilized. First small cakes or biscuits were made from the most suitable portion, and the balance was used as broth or in soup thickening. Then, late in May, afar off the smoke of a steamer was seen and, after fighting in ice for twenty-four hours, she reached our harbour.

I stood on the bank ready to take her line, but not a word of recognition was heard from the steamer. I was puzzled.

Finally she was tied up; then it was learned that the fiery red beard that had grown on my face was a complete disguise. It was one of the kind that stands out straight and could be seen from behind as well as from the front. Even now I laugh when it is called back to memory.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

The Procession as Seen by a Member of the H.B.C. London Staff

By NANCY BUCKINGHAM

PERMISSION had been given for a few of us to cast aside work for the morning in order to get what glimpses we could of the royal wedding. Did we hesitate? A few minutes to sympathise with our less fortunate colleagues and then away to Charing Cross!

On arrival, there was no need to enquire of the police the actual route of the procession, for already—and it was only 10 a.m.—people had taken up their positions. People of all sizes and shapes, tall, short, fat and thin, small children being dragged along by worried looking parents, fruit sellers doing a marvellous trade, policemen, soldiers, in fact everybody who could afford the time, had come to see the royal wedding.

Have I mentioned that our party consisted of six girls? Our height was our great drawback—either too much or too little—but personally I was truly thankful for my own 5 feet 8½ inches on that wedding morn.

During one of our frequent halts our attention was arrested by the cries of a certain seedy-looking individual. Catching my glance at him he approached saying "Come on, miss, 'im and 'er for tuppence." Not possessing a vivid imagination, I was forced to produce the tuppence in order to find out what was really for sale. It was a programme of the event with the faces of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth represented by two oval smears! Anyway, the poor man informed me that the programme was cheap, and so I had to be content.

Another enthusiastic vendor besought me to buy a wonderful periscope for two shillings. My friends scorned it and, on putting it to the test, I could see nothing but blackness, which turned out to be a feather in the hat of a lady in front. The periscope was duly returned to the would-be seller, who a few minutes later concluded a sale with a dear old lady who was foolish enough to pay c.o.d.

Somehow, we seemed to cause trouble everywhere. Nine times out of ten I believe it was our own fault. For instance, at one time we were just crossing the road when a private car passed carrying four bedecked visitors to the Abbey. Up to this time, having seen only the tops of cars, the sight proved too much for us; we stood rooted to the

"My poor child; she's lost—got a purple tam-o'shanter on"

"'im an' 'er for tuppence."

The fat lady had a place of vantage.

spot (the spot being the middle of the road!) and gazed at the steady stream of cars. Why six perfectly sane individuals should do such a thing I can hardly tell. Anyway, we were brought to earth by a none too friendly policeman telling us to "Move on there! Can't block up the road all night!"

Jostled and pushed, we ultimately found a spot which appealed to us all, and there we decided to remain. The people round about seemed to dislike us from the first, and the tall ones of our party became the objects of much criticism not at all friendly. The shorter ones suffered in other respects, chiefly from the quills and feathers adorning the hats of onlookers whose respective heads would take sudden turns, with the result that one's eyes were temporarily closed or one's mouth temporarily filled.

However, after a short wait the royal carriages approached, and with one accord every man jack of us added at least two inches to our stature. I was successful in getting a good view of the top of a few carriages and that was all I saw of the procession to the Abbey.

The crowd then settled down to await the return. They soon got restless, someone fainted and thus provided an interesting episode. Then a fussy little body missed her child and agitated enquiries were instituted within a radius of about sixteen feet for a "cheeild in a purple tam-o-shanter." Information was forthcoming from a policeman nearby that a child with purple headgear was sitting on the pavement with a front view of the route, whereupon the crowd was pressed into service of passing bananas from mother to infant and a conversation was carried on between the two at the top of their voices.

It was then our turn to cause a sensation! We had previously occupied positions about five rows from the front, but somehow, by fair means or foul, we found ourselves in the third row. Our movements had evidently been observed by one intelligent female, who observed to her male attendant that before she came to such shows again she would "learn to push like other people." However, two people conveniently fainted at this juncture and drew her attention to other quarters.

Then for the return from the Abbey. Being now well to the front, I had a splendid view and was lucky in having a most remarkable person on my left. She was a veritable walking edition of "Who's Who" and volunteered the names, etc., of all the wedding guests, with comments kindly and otherwise.

The Duchess of York looked "just lovely" and all the royal princes as charming as ever. The long wave of cheers which greeted them had to express all our wishes for their future happiness, and the sentence which rang in my head for the rest of the day, seriously interfering with my answers to correspondence, was: "*and she married the prince and lived happily ever after.*"

WINNIPEG

Anniversary Sale

"Once a Year—Bigger and Better Every Year"

THIS slogan was abundantly lived up to during the great anniversary sale at Winnipeg store, and another great record made for the old store to surpass next May. Big as the figures will look next year, right now is the time to resolve to beat them by gathering fresh knowledge gained by our experiences this year and planning special purchases well in advance for the next big occasion.

Replies to a questionnaire asked at the Wednesday meeting after the sale gave:

Prestige, built up by years of fair dealing and exceptional values extended in former anniversary sales, as the chief reason of our remarkable success. *Co-operation* from top to bottom of the organization was the next reason, followed by *Exceptional values* in quality merchandise, *Forceful Publicity, Thorough Planning* both before and during the event, *Fine Weather, Efficient Service* both in the store and out.

Monday, April thirtieth, was the biggest day's business in the history of the store, and anniversary week was the largest week's volume of business ever handled in the store.

This is a significant and encouraging fact, indicating that the public will buy

where they are certain that quality in merchandise is maintained and full value for money extended.

An anniversary message was broadcasted from the Manitoba government radio station a day or two previous to the great week, giving interesting and historical facts and ending with a timely message regarding the forthcoming great sale.

The Great Sale Contest

GREAT rivalry was shown between the store's various departments during the big anniversary sale. A floor prize and a department prize for largest sales were awarded. Department 4 (hosiery) nosed out department 26 (hardware and sports goods) by 1 decimal point, the scores being 175.9 and 175.8. Next came department 2 (linens) with 165.

Only two departments did not reach their quota. This is a remarkable record under the prevailing conditions of business.

H.B.C. Birthday Party

By GEORGE FOSTER

EMPLOYEES of the retail store gathered in the H.B.C. restaurant to celebrate the Company's birthday in right royal style on the Wednesday evening previous to our 253rd anniversary sale.

An excellent supper was served. The chef and staff are to be complimented for the dispatch with which they "dished things up."

The Hudson's Bay orchestra rendered several selections while the supper was in progress. After refreshments, an enjoyable concert was put on by talented performers from the store. A. H. Robinson was first on the programme and was followed by Bertram Brich, who set the store rocking with his comical sayings and funny songs. Mr. Tittle delighted all with an old favorite.

The general manager gave some good advice to the younger people and announced the results of the annual election of officers of the welfare association. He also outlined the aims of the association and read a statement of the benefits paid out since the year began. Nurse Fletcher, of the Victorian Order of Nurses, was introduced and the order's work among employees explained and commended.

Little Miss Flora Simpson pleased everybody with her delightful singing. Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Tittle completed the programme with a comic duet, and once more the old store rocked with laughter. We must not forget to mention the "Bay Beauty Chorus" who gave several popular choruses during the evening.

MISS M. E. WOODHEAD

Hudson's Bay Company's department manager for ladies' ready-to-wear at Winnipeg retail store, sailed May 19th on the *Megantic* from Montreal. Miss Woodhead will visit Paris, Brussels, London, Manchester, and other British manufacturing centres making purchases of new merchandise for the H.B.C. European fashion department. Miss Currie of Vancouver store and Mrs. McKay of Calgary store accompanied Miss Woodhead to buy garments for their respective departments.

While a whist drive was in progress in the carpet department, the younger people and quite a few of the not-quite-so-young enjoyed themselves dancing. Later in the evening Mr. Parker presented whist prizes to the following: *Ladies' first prize, Mrs. Sharpe; men's first prize, J. D. Barker; ladies' second prize, Mrs. Dunn; men's second prize, Max Travis; ladies' consolation prize, Miss W. E. Garrett; men's consolation prize, Mr. McLeod.*

Another dance and then the happy gathering broke up, resolved that the H.B.C. is not such a bad old store after all.

Play Ball, Girls!

A GET-TOGETHER of H.B.C. baseball enthusiasts held in the lunch room on Thurdsay, May 10th, resulted in the formation of a girls' baseball club.

W. H. Davison took the chair and outlined the object of the meeting. The following were unanimously chosen as officers to start the team: Manager, *George Foster*; captain, *Ellen Cail.*

It is sincerely hoped that as many as possible will give the team their support, as all such support will help to make a successful season for the girls.

A movement is on foot to form a men's team as soon as possible. Already several are daily getting themselves into shape and are anxiously waiting the formation of a team.

H.B.C. Tennis Association

ON the 24th of May there was a good representation of members and a most enjoyable day was spent. Play was continuous from eleven a.m. to six p.m., and the day, although breezy, was bright and warm. In the afternoon a handicap mixed doubles competition was run off, the prize winners being Miss G. Neil and H. Astwood. The lady members provided all kinds of good eats, which were much appreciated by all present.

A cheering feature of the day was the appearance of several new members from the H.B.C. staff, although there is still accommodation for our ain folk. All players and others not attached to private clubs are again urged to join up. The fees are extremely reasonable and all prospective members should get down to practice now before the draw takes place for our annual competition. It is the intention to start the big competition at an earlier date than usual in order that the final rounds may not be unduly delayed.

The club finances are in quite a healthy condition, and we are already assured of a successful season from this point of view; the question of erecting a pavilion, however, will have to be postponed for another year.

Annual H.B.C. Stores Managers' Conference

THE managers of all Hudson's Bay Company stores in western Canada gathered in Winnipeg for their annual conference, which convened last month at the Fort Garry hotel under the chairmanship of James S. Braidwood, assistant stores commissioner. Those attending the conference were:

James S. Braidwood, assistant stores commissioner; J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioner; H. H. Hollier, merchandise superintendent; W. M. McLean, secretary stores department; H. T. Lockyer, general manager, Vancouver; F. Sparling, general manager, Calgary; G. A. H. Porte, general manager, Victoria; W. R. Ogston, general manager, Winnipeg; H. G. Munro, general manager, Edmonton; J. S. Smith, general manager, Saskatoon; J. E. Andrews, manager, Kamloops; W. L. Ogden, manager, Lethbridge; W. S. King, manager, Nelson; L. R. Barnett, manager, Vernon; H. N. Louth, manager, Yorkton; T. Hargreaves, acting inspecting officer.

WAX FIGURE REPAIRS

All H.B.C. Stores that use wax figures and are unable to repair and refinish them when broken will be pleased to know of an expert at our Winnipeg store who will undertake such work at very reasonable prices. *W. H. Davison, Display department, Winnipeg.—Advt.*

IN the southern part of Saskatchewan there are fifty billion tons of lignite coal, found in seams varying from five to twelve feet in thickness. The present annual consumption of domestic coal in the province is about 1,500,000 tons.

Honesty

By L. JONES

There are two great reasons why we should be honest, the first and foremost being that it is decreed by our Creator and embodied in the ten commandments. This alone should be sufficient, but it is also a fundamental principle of modern business that we must be honest to succeed. The merchant who tries sharp practices and short cuts to "get rick quick" is never permanently successful.

To be purveyors to the public for any length of time and to gain a reputable name the only solid and secure foundation of any business is honesty; honest with ourselves, honest with the people we buy from and honest with the people we sell to.

A good reputation is worth a mint of money and is the best medicine for the person that may slander you, as, if you have established a reputation for honesty you need not go on the defensive. This is the foundation that our great Company is built upon, which is proof that honesty is the best policy.

(*Overheard* on the main floor) *Foreigner,* just in via C.N.R., to saleslady—How long you lif in dis city?

Saleslady—Oh, about eight years.

Foreigner—Vell, den, you know my brudder, Mike Polinsky, what lifs here.

Pat Sladen, of the fruit department, looks with disdain upon Messrs. Ferguson of the receiving room and George Keele of the hardware department when he meets them. He is the proud father of twin girls, who arrived May 14th. Mr. Ferguson is father of a new baby girl and Mr. Keele a boy.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing. Miss Lettie Booth, one of our deservedly popular young ladies, leaves us shortly for the home field of endeavor.

Miss Isabel Knox, one of the store's expert cashiers, is also a bride-to-be for June. Both have been in the service of the Company several years, and our good wishes go with them for happiness along life's pathway. Dame Rumor whispers that the staff may be further depleted ere long through the machinations of Cupid. Sparklers in the confectionery and other departments would seem to confirm this.

Of course, mounted policemen must eat, but we wonder what the attraction is in the grocery department to make them pay several visits a day.

Talking about dancing, did we not see Mr. Frank Tittle racing around? He says it's the first time he ever danced. Modest boy!

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

J. Poitras New H.B.C. Wholesale Grocery Head

J. Poitras has been promoted to be the manager of Hudson's Bay Company's wholesale grocery department, succeeding A. P. Evans, recently transferred to Vancouver branch. Mr. Poitras has been for six years assistant manager of the Company's wholesale grocery department, and for five years previously was manager of groceries in the Winnipeg retail store. Mr. Poitras' very long experience in the grocery business dates back to 1901, when he started as head clerk in the Portage Avenue retail store of E. B. Nixon, who himself was formerly in the Hudson's Bay Company's service.

Football

An eleven has been formed solely from wholesale employees. The first match of the season was played on May 18th, the opponents being the formidable T. Eaton. The match resulted in a loss for the Bay, the score being 6-0. The following comprise the members of the Wholesale football club: Paul, Kane, Pitts, Allan, Watson, Paterson, Watson, Coe, Lyon, Robertson, Reid, Garner, Alex. Thompson, Carslake. Messrs. Paterson and Thompson are to be congratulated for the enthusiastic efforts made to raise an eleven, and we hope that the present season will prove to be a successful one.

CERTAINLY

"Oh, Abie, have ve got 'Who's Who' by Jerome K. Jerome?"

"No, but ve got who he is and vot he's got, by R. G. Dun & Co."

SASKATOON

Unique Advertising

THE 253RD ANNIVERSARY of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the anniversary of the opening of the Saskatoon store, called for something unique in the way of publicity. This was accomplished by issuing, on May 2nd, a twenty-page "Made in Canada" special edition of the Saskatoon *Daily Star-Phoenix*. Canadian manufacturers whose goods are sold by the Saskatoon store co-operated by using advertising space with "tie-up" copy of the local store.

A full front page editorial article reviewed, in glowing terms, the progress of the Hudson's Bay Company, paying tribute to the English gentlemen who placed the British flag upon the shores of Canada and broke down the barriers of a wild and unexplored territory. Historical notes of the Company, scenes from the far north, stories of the local store, and features of local interest combined to complete a supplement of more than ordinary interest. Twenty-seven thousand copies, the combined circulation of the Saskatoon papers, were distributed as part of the regular paper.

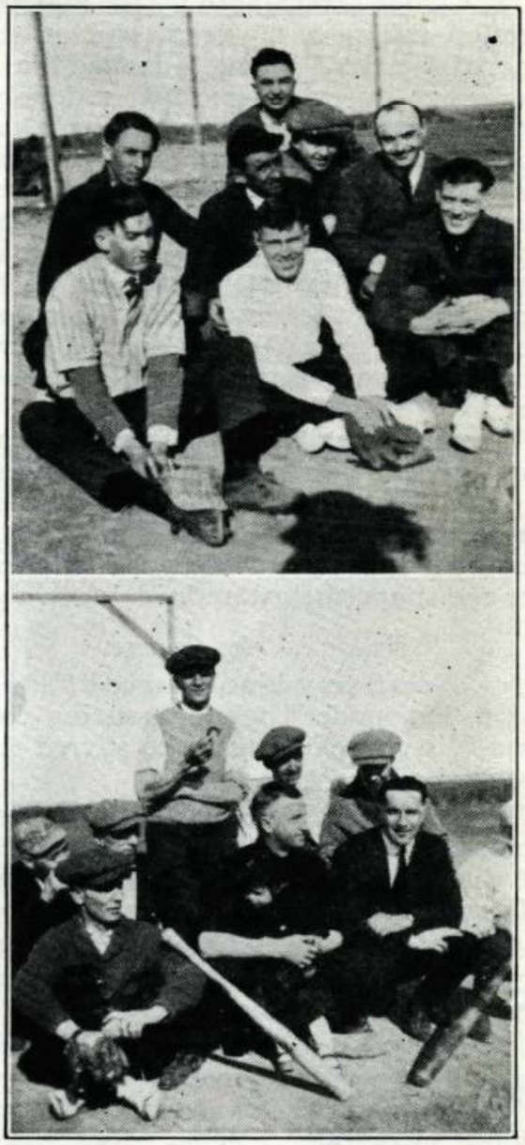
A tremendous amount of work was involved, but the results more than compensated for the efforts put forth.

Ride Free With H.B.C.

The Saskatoon street railway service was chartered for two hours on the morning of the opening of the anniversary sale. The sale commenced at 10 a.m. and from 9.30 until 11.30 no fares were collected on any street car in the city. Crowds took advantage of this special offer, and a big day's business was transacted in spite of the fact that it rained all day.

Children's Contest

In connection with the 253rd anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company, a children's contest on the history of the Company was conducted by the Saskatoon store. Arrangements were made with the school board whereby an hour was set aside during the regular school hours, and all the children attending Saskatoon schools participated in the contest. Prizes amounting to $80 were distributed among the prize winners. Two of the prize winning essays, with photographs of the winners, were published in the local papers.



Above—Single men.
Below—Married men.

'Twas A Grand Event

The bringing to light of King Tut's long forgotten and supposedly "lost forever" empire had nothing on the primitive form of baseball unearthed and placed on exhibition at city park last Wednesday afternoon, when the married men sallied forth to defend their hard-earned championship of last year. The demonstration included everything from daylight robbery, with-

out a gun being flashed, right down to hysteria on the grandstand among feminine spectators.

The weather man presented a surprise package in the form of a fine afternoon, which resulted in a splendid turnout of the fair sex, a great stimulant to the single (?) nine.

The game commenced by the married section taking a big lead, and at the end of the third inning it looked like a very one-sided affair; but suddenly, without the least warning, things began to happen in quick succession. Two passes and a hit filled the bases; then the shot putting contest began. Who could hit the ball the farthest out of reach of the next player seemed to be the order of the day, with the result that by the time the ball arrived home the excitement was all over, the dust settled and the bases clear.

From then on the youngsters had the game well in hand and emerged winners 9 to 7. Wakeford for the married men and Campbell for the single men; both proved themselves to be good pitchers for the shape they were in.

Notes of the Game

Mrs. Frost very kindly served "afternoon lemonade," while assisting her was Miss Brockington, who stirred the ice in the bucket.

The Sheik (W. Ballantyne) did a very thoughtless thing, when in the middle of the game he drove out a home run. He might have known better.

Miss Meech immediately went into hysterics. First aid, however, was all that was necessary to restore her.

A foul tip, after having curved halfway around the grand stand, landed on Miss Patton's head. First aid was again necessary. This time Bob Ballantyne was very much around and played a leading role.

Casualties

Jim McNichol, sprained ankle and skinned hands.

Walter Hummitch, fractured bone in left hand.

Jimmie Ling now carries a dimple in his elbow.

Slim Sheppard, bruised hand.

Norman Faulkner's 25 pounds additional weight over last summer, when he is in action between first and second, produces an effect somewhere between a teddy bear doing a marathon and a load of hay on a rocky road.

Bowling

The single men have been after the married men all season for reasons best known to themselves, and at the end of the bowling season challenged the married men to a game for the supper. Needless to say the married men won, and are still looking for that supper.

Married Men				*Total*
Chubb	137	95	117	349
Hummitch	112	188	115	415
Bentley	189	204	187	580
Wakeford	134	198	149	491
Low Score	84	90	89	273
	656	775	657	2108

Single Men				*Total*
Rundle	120	110	125	355
Ballantyne	120	115	108	343
Mackenzie	119	90	89	298
Sheppard	84	137	134	355
Abbott	172	156	130	458
	615	608	586	1809

EDMONTON

Retail Store Notes

We are pleased to hear of Mr. Falkins' official promotion to department manager of the fancy goods section as successor to Mr. Pallet, who recently resigned to take up a position in Ottawa. Mr. Falkins was for a considerable time assistant in the department and is well fitted to assume the responsibilities of department manager.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's clothing section, recently returned from Europe after an extended buying trip. He reports business conditions in England good, in spite of the many pessimistic reports to the contrary.

J. Moir, general floor manager, has resigned after three years' faithful service. A large number of employees attended the presentation of a handsome club bag, with Mr. Munro, general manager, presiding.

Mr. Nevin has assumed the duties left open by the resignation of Mr. Moir as floor manager.

Miss Bakkan, of the waist section, has severed her connection with the store after four years' service, leaving for Seattle to take up a position.

Miss Brown, cashier, left the store to reside in future at Vegreville.

Miss Whitton, we are pleased to hear, is now convalescent and will soon be around again.

Mr. McFarlane, of the groceteria, is able now to discard his crutches, but it will be several weeks before he will be able to return to the store.

Miss Harvey, of the boys' clothing department, we are grieved to hear, may have to undergo an operation.

Miss Kirkwood has been transferred from the jewelry to the trimming department.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: Miss Albers, Miss Chell, Mrs. Medcalf and Mrs. Tricker.

Mrs. Lawson has filled the position in the blouse section left vacant by Miss Bakkan.

Miss Gladys Wright has been promoted as assistant to Mr. Falkins in the fancy goods sections.

Ladies' Basket Ball

Our girls are putting up a brand of play which should be effective during the series of matches which are shortly to be played off in the mercantile basketball league. A little more combination play on the forward line will give us a team which we feel confident will tax any other team in the league to excel. Nine teams have made application for entry, auguring well for a most successful season. Ethel Soley was elected captain of the team with Etheleen McEwen as vice captain.

Additional Sports Activities

A first-class baseball team has been formed from the male members of the staff, and some very good material is evident. The boys are holding regular practices, with W. Stephens as coach.

Not to be outdone, the girls have got together a baseball team and, although losing their first match against Ramsey Limited, a little more practice will see them develop into a speedy aggregation and able to hold their own with all comers. Freda Buckles throws a wicked ball, and our star baby, Ethel Soley, is sure some slugger.

The tennis club will commence its season's activities within a few days, and by the time this appears in *The Beaver* will be going strong.

THE BETTER PLAN

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember those in homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If you have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young—
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have forty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan—
I find it works full well—
To try my own defect to cure
Before I of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "Roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—J.P.

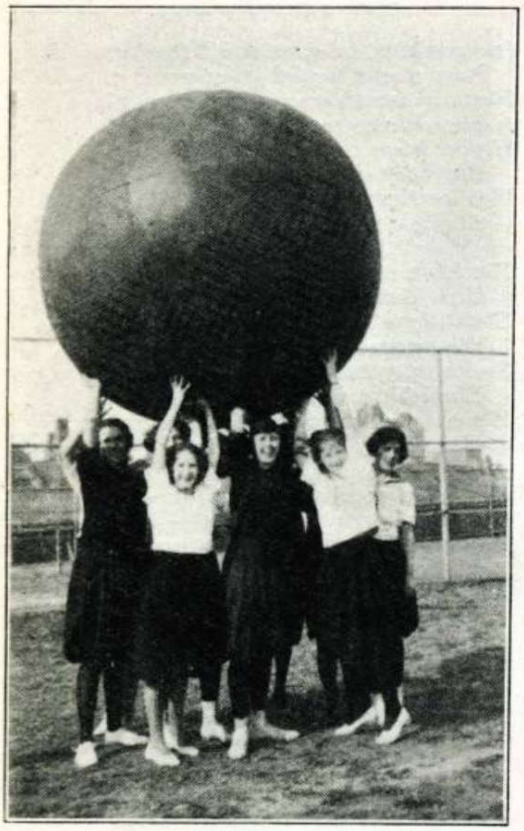
Table Talk

Who was the young lady with a sweet soprano voice heard singing in the ladies' cloakroom that impressive hymn, "I want a man, I want a man—a mansion in the sky?"

Someone has blamed Chef Hounsell for the acute attack of indigestion which put Jack Henry *hors-de-combat* after his valiantly winning the pie-eating contest at the sports.

Getting up early in the morning in order to be at the store on time is like a pig's tail. It's always t'wirly. Ask Hap!

There's to be a ban put on cheek-to-cheek dancing in Edmonton, and it is not a moment too soon. Several of the boys from the store, after a night at Carlton hall or the Alhambra, have complained of severe pains and, on consultation, our doctor diagnosed the malady to be a slight touch of painters' colic, no doubt contracted from being in close contact with hand-painted complexions whilst indulging in the latest jazz.



A Bevy of H.B.C. Girls at the Sports

Hudson's Bay Field Day

TO START off our season of sports activities, a field day was held on Wednesday, May 9th. The various entries were open to all comers, and included not only the H.B.C., but Ramsey Limited, Johnstone Walker, Great West Garment Co., and Government telephones. In the ladies' baseball contest the team representing Ramsey Limited was victorious, beating the H.B.C. girls.

In the ladies' basketball match, the H.B.C. girls had a chance to get even, beating a composite team of Ramsey's and Johnstone Walker Limited by a score of 4 to 2. Ethel Soley, on the forward line, and Etheleen McEwen, defense, were the shining lights for the H.B.C. team.

The class of play put up by our girls augurs well for their success during the series of games to be played for the H.B.C. challenge cup in the mercantile basket-ball league.

In the ladies' tug-of-war, the H.B.C. girls beat the Government telephones. In the men's tug-of-war, Hudson's Bay went down to defeat, two straight, to the Government telephones team of huskies.

The judges, who so tirelessly officiated during the afternoon and evening, were H. G. Munro (general manager), W. S. Cunningham (superintendent) and J. B. Wallace (chief accountant), ably assisted by R. W. Falkins, J. Prest, W. Stevens, B. Crockett, W. Fleming, F. W. Smith and P. Plowman, who also comprised the committee responsible for the success of the sports. At the conclusion of the racing and games, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Munro distributed the prizes to the winners, bringing to a conclusion a most enjoyable day's recreation, and which we trust will be but the fore-runner of many more events of a like nature.

CALGARY

253rd Anniversary Sale

PLANS were carefully laid for the anniversary sale this year. An efficient committee, covering the efforts of the whole store, was organized well in advance to promote the sale.

The general committee was composed of: Mr. Edmison (chairman), buyer for drugs, etc.; Mr. Mason (vice-chairman), credit manager; Mr. Milner, assistant buyer for notions, jewelry, etc.; Mr. Ray, grocery department; and Miss Parsons, accounting office.

In turn, each one of these members had working with him a sub-committee in each of the following general sections of the store work: *Department managers, assistant department managers, awards, stores committee service and stores committee selling.*

Coming shortly after the big display of H.B.C. standardized merchandise on

the main floor, the sale kept up the interest of Calgary and surrounding towns in Hudson's Bay activities.

The store was suitably decorated, and big colored signs were hung up as part of the decoration, linking up with the illustrations used on the cards and in the newspapers.

As in the harvest sale of last fall, the awards committee arranged for a graphic chart to show the progress of the different departments throughout the sale. Instead of being a horse race, this time it was an automobile hill climbing contest, each department being represented by an automobile with the number of the department printed on the side and each one climbing up the hill to the 100 per cent. mark.

Several autos reached the top of the hill, among them being knit underwear, muslin underwear, gloves, groceries, drugs, provisions, fruits and meats, and the circulating library.

The awards committee had arranged for the forming of an hundred per cent. club as the sale went on. The members of departments were entitled to wear a specially prepared badge as soon as their department automobile reached the 100 per cent. mark in the sales.

Considerable interest was aroused by this means, and the wearers of the badges during the last few days of the sale were much envied by the other departments for their success.

Several other competitions were put on by the awards committee, and the regular service and sales championship cup competition was also being decided during this sale.

There is such a mass of figures and details to be checked up before final awards can be determined that we are unable to report results for the benefit of *Beaver* readers this time.

New H.B.C. Links Opened

The new Hudson's Bay nine-hole golf links at Parkdale was opened Wednesday afternoon, May 9th. After the opening, Mr. Sparling and Mr. Salter, of the furniture department, took part in a four-ball foursome with Messrs. Black and Stratton, of Calgary. After the match, the visiting players pronounced the new course to be a very interesting one, and agreed that H.B.C. golfers should have fine sport this summer.

The season is opening well, a great many golfers following the opening match and playing over the course later. At every available time since then the course has been crowded.

A great deal of credit goes to Mr. Walsh, of the shoe department, and Mr. Neal, display manager, for their energetic efforts in getting the new course made under the direction of the employees' welfare association.

Editor's note: The Calgary store has a real poet, as the following sample verses will show. Unfortunately, we are unable to give the writer's name, because he has signed a *nom de plume;* however, we expect we will be receiving further contributions from the same source for coming issues, and will endeavor to run down the identity of the author for the benefit of *Beaver* readers, as soon as possible.

GO WEST, JEUNE HOMME

By Leonardo

Mon Dieu! You say you have no faith
In the people of thes' worl' moderne?
For me, I have de faith in all;
Even Bolshevik he give me no concern.

Parbleu! Me t'ink I know de reason.
I gon' tak' little guess for why:
Pretty Jeanne, she give you de answer,
But she no give you de reason why.

Mon vieux Pierre, he give you de advice.
Me too, my love was give de rap;
And me, I get like big block of ice
And go out west an' buy whole map.

And now, by gar, I have de monee,
While Rosee, she scrub de floor.
But all the same I go to her
And say same question as before.

Mon garcon, je dit, you do de same.
Go west, jeune homme, and mak' de pile,
And den come back like one beeg man
And see Jeanne mak' on you de smile.

Store Fire Brigade

THE Calgary store boasts of a recently formed fire brigade, a valuable asset to any large organization. For although the sprinkler system in use at the Calgary store is modern, yet there is always a certain element of accident to members of the staff in the confusion of fire, also a certain amount

of damage to stock and fixtures before the sprinkler system begins to operate.

The store brigade has been tested, and is efficient and ready at all times to meet any emergency.

The fire chief is the chief engineer, Mr. Lavoi, with an assistant chief in the person of the assistant store superintendent, Mr. Edgar. The executive of the organization consists of a committee of three, Messrs. Mason, Lavoi and Edgar.

Four men from each floor were chosen and at a general meeting of these men the fire chief discussed appliances and fire fighting equipment now belonging to the store. A floor captain was chosen to arrange for a personnel on his floor, who should be appointed to certain stations with certain duties in the event of the alarm being rung.

At a recent drill, the alarm was rung at 10 minutes to 9 a.m. when all the staff were in the building; the fire hose was in readiness, main doors hooked open, and all members of the floor fire staff were in their places within one minute from the time the alarm was rung. This is considered very efficient work.

VERNON, B.C.

The department managers were particularly well pleased with the results of our 253rd anniversary sale. During sale week two prizes for the sales staff were won by: C. Griffin (men's furnishings) first, $10.00, and Miss Emily Wakefield (staples department) second, $5.00. Both went well over their quotas.

We had the pleasure of a visit from J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioner, on his western tour. C. W. Veysey, of the wholesale department, was also a visitor.

The holiday season is with us once more. The first to go this year is Miss Covington, who is making her annual pilgrimage to be with her mother for a few days.

The first of the family weddings was celebrated last month, when Miss Irene Gaythorpe, of the house furnishings, was married to Maurice White. The bridesmaid was Miss Olive Ripley and the groomsman was Ed. Ripley, late of the grocery department. The wedding was celebrated on Ascension Day. The mayor of the city proclaimed a general holiday—someone suggested on account of Mr. White being an important member of the city fire department, but it was our annual spring clean-up day, and it allowed us all to go to the church.

An ex-member of the staff, Mamie Smith, paid us a visit last month, and, while the older members were all glad to meet her again, we wonder why the gentleman in the office was the only one to get the big smack.

We have had an invasion of gypsies in the district. It would be interesting to know just what one of the good-looking little dames did tell one of our buyers when he crossed her palm with silver.

VANCOUVER

10,000 New Customers Campaign

By F. S. GARNER

NEARLY 1500 new names were added to our already large list of customers during the month of April, and although the number for the month of May can hardly be expected to be as large, still the list grows daily.

The campaign has the endorsement of every big man in the community. Lumbermen, railway men, street railway heads, shipping magnates, lawyers, aldermen, bankers, even to the mayor of the city, say the company is to be congratulated for the starting of this movement, as it will create a confidence and faith in the city and province which is more than justified at this stage.

Speaking to the Kiwanis club, George Houghran, secretary of the B.C. branch of the Canadian retail merchants' association, dwelt extensively on the campaign, and said, "the Hudson's Bay Company is to be congratulated for the lead it is taking in creating a justified confidence of the people that seems to have been broken by the circumstances existing during recent years."

To have the merchants and other men of importance with us in this campaign is a great stimulant. We know everyone's eyes are on us, and we are determined to meet our objective.

At the time of going to press. we have an atmospheric window in dealing with the campaign that's crowding the sidewalk. Particulars of the display are given in brief below.

In the centre of the window is a clock face from which swings a large pendulum indicating an era of prosperity for 1923 greater than any year since 1913. On the clock face is printed "PROSPERITY, 1923," also the arms of British Columbia appear in the centre of the clock face. The entire back of the window is covered with a large map of British Columbia, and all of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts and stores are shown by red dots.

MAIN CARD IN WINDOW

Our Campaign
for 10,000 New Customers
is now in full swing

Do you take full advantage of the good values and many conveniences this store has to offer?

Other cards in the window read:

Harbour Development—$5,000,000 loan by federal government for construction work on the grain elevator and Ballantyne pier.

C.P.R. Construction—The new deep water pier to be completed at a cost of $2,000,000.

Second Narrows Bridge—The building of this bridge will cost $1,250,000.

Dry Dock—Approximately $2,500,000 will be spent.

Deep Sea Vessels—The present tonnage is three times what it was even three years ago.

Lumber Exports—More than 200,000,000 board feet exported last year via Vancouver.

Okanagan Apples Produced—1913, 477,000 boxes; 1922, 3,125,000 boxes.

Flour Exported from Vancouver—During the year 1922, 482,000 barrels.

British Columbia Fisheries—Salmon packed in 1922, 1,290,326 cases.

Grain Shipments via Vancouver—14,463,883 bushels shipped from Vancouver in 1922. This year will see a large increase.

Vancouver Building Permits—1923 will show a large increase over 1922 with $8,661,695, which was three times that of 1921.

Vancouver Post Office Returns—Are increasing at the rate of $100,000 a year.

University Buildings—Construction of university buildings at Point Grey being carried on by provincial government—approximately $500,000 to be spent this year.

Other atmospheric windows dealing on the 10,000 new customers' campaign are already on the way, and we believe that before the campaign is over it will prove the greatest piece of goodwill advertising ever done by the Hudson's Bay Company. It's making for the Company many new friends, and it's helping to cement the friendship of old customers.

Wake Up, Vancouver Reporters!

While Dr. Price is holding his revival meetings in Vancouver, it seems timely that someone should hold a revival meeting for the benefit of the Vancouver staff of *Beaver* reporters. During the epidemic of sleeping sickness there was an excuse for them lying dormant, but with June here, the month of weddings, showers, sports, hiking and other athletic activities, the columns of *The Beaver* devoted to Vancouver should be filled with items of timely interest. The spring fever season is past; this is waking up time. Let's wake up!

China Buyer Returns from Europe

W. W. Fraser, buyer of china and glass, who has been on an extended purchasing trip in Europe for the Company's entire chain of stores in Canada, has returned to Vancouver.

During his stay in London he spent several days at the British Industries Fair, where the British potters were making an exhibit, and was fortunate in being able to purchase several lines on display there at very attractive prices. He also spent several weeks in the English pottery district, where he made extensive purchases, and visited also the noted potteries of Wedgwood & Son, Royal Worcester Porcelain company, Minton's Limited and Doulton Limited, where he also was able to secure many new shapes and beautiful decorations at attractive prices.

Visiting the continent, he attended merchandise fairs at the various centres, and in both Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine was able to purchase many new shapes in table and decorative glass at remarkably low prices.

Whist and Cribbage Winners

Presentation of cups to the season winners was successfully carried out by the Vancouver whist and cribbage association last month with H. T. Lockyer master of ceremonies. The Tisdall cup was won by the Yorkshire society and received by W. Marshall, and the Hudson's Bay employees' association appropriately enough won the cup presented by H. T. Lockyer. Western Jubilee Lodge won the Baxter cup and Loyal Thine For Ever the Nelson trophy. The Hudson's Bay cup for captains was won by the Yorkshiremen.

In the Hoover campaign conducted in Vancouver store during the month of April, there were 46 Hoovers sold and 15 sets of attachments.

H.B.E.A. Dance

The final dance of the season was held at the Alexandra dancing academy on Wednesday, April 24th. Approximately three hundred and seventy-five H.B.E.A. members and friends spent a very enjoyable evening. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and closed down all too soon for a good many of the dancers at midnight. The committee in charge of the arrangements included Miss B. Blake, Miss L. Andrew, Miss H. Turner, Miss R. Bryant, Miss E. S. Morley, Mrs. Parker and Miss G. Macfarlane, Messrs. L. Little, L. Frayer, D. Dale and H. Gant, chairman of the social committee.

We welcomed to Vancouver the following officials of the Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, during the past month: G. W. Allan, Canadian committee; J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioner; C. W. Veysey, manager wholesale department.

Mrs. Evans, of the mail order department in Calgary, and who has been on a two weeks' vacation in Victoria, passed through Vancouver on the 18th instant and was a visitor to the country order department where she examined the system in force here.

An entertainment was given by the H.B.O.S. for the benefit of the boy scouts of North Vancouver. Two humorous sketches were given by Miss Fairhurst and Messrs. Elcock and Norman, and songs by Miss J. Sutherland, Miss McLeod, Mrs. Patterson and Mr. Harwood.

Nurse McFarlane has opened her summer home at North Vancouver. It is named "Kilcare" and, judging from reports, it's all its name implies. Miss Nicholson, Miss Snider and Miss Bryant are paying guests. "Open house" every evening and all day Sunday is the sermon of the season.

VICTORIA

Queen of Commerce

WE extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Victoria Irene Arnall upon attaining so high a position in the queen contest in connection with Victoria's great Maytime frolic held on the 24th, 25th and 26th of May.

It was a little disappointing that she did not reach the top, but it was a good fight and one that reflects great credit to Captain P. N. A. Smith and his committee, who gave the other fair candidates such a good run for their money.

However, Miss Arnall made an ideal Queen of Commerce, and her success in that exalted position augurs well for the future commercial prosperity of our city.

Miss Arnall wishes to thank, through the medium of *The Beaver,* all those who worked so hard selling votes and so well supported her during her campaign.

Cricket Season Opened

Miss Arnall, as Queen of Commerce, very appropriately opened the cricket season by bowling the first ball at the commercial league match between Hudson's Bay and Spencers on Wednesday afternoon, May 9th. Although it was a good and true shot, it was not sufficient to carry our side to victory. However, better luck next time!

Miss Plummer Honored

A pleasing little ceremony took place in the office on Saturday evening, May

12th, when Miss Plummer, who leaves us for California, was presented with a handsome travelling case by her fellow workers in the office. Mr. Horne, in a few well chosen words, on behalf of the office staff, expressed the regret which they all felt at losing Miss Plummer. They wished her every success in her new life down south, but hoped she would eventually see the folly of her ways and return to the only place worth while—Victoria.

Mr. Florence Returns

We were glad to welcome back Mr. Florence, looking so well and hearty after his European trip. His natural modesty and retiring disposition is the only reason why he does not give us permission to publish an account of his interesting experiences in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and, of course, Scotland.

The Effect of Color

By T. E. COLLINS

THERE is no element of our sensuous nature which yields us greater or more varied pleasure than the perception of color. We feel a thrill of pure and unselfish enjoyment which no other mere sensuous stimulation is capable of arousing in our breasts when we view the changing orange tints of a setting sun as it sinks into the depths of the purple sea, clothing all nature in the regal robes of eventide; or again, the transient effects of light in the spectrum, the soap bubble or the iridescent beams that dance about the surface of an opal.

Is there a man living who does not recall the home of his childhood with a feeling of reverence when he visualizes the scenes of the meadow, the orchard or the brook alternating in sunshine and shade with varied hues of green and blue? Does he not recall with delight lying on the tufted grass in the shade of a maple, viewing the fleecy white clouds as they lazily floated across the azure sky, while exquisitely painted butterflies and ruby-throated humming birds flitted about from one beautiful flower to another more attractively colored?

Suppose for this moment there was no such thing as color. Try to visualize then the scenes that appeal most to your imagination painted in black, white and gray. How desolate and cheerless do they appear! How depressing is this feeling that comes over us in contrast with the warmth of emotion and joy that charms our senses in the world of color.

So powerful is the influence of color that it raises itself above the common level of sense gratification and attains the higher plane of aesthetic delight.

Man is not the only creature who can appreciate and enjoy the beauty of colors that nature pours forth for his pleasure in the fields and forests. The peacock, adorned in all the hues of the rainbow, does not display his gorgeous plumage to the careless eye of an unobservant mate; the gaily painted butterfly is not insensible to the lovely tracery upon the wings of its fellow. Even the tropical lizards admire the glistening coats, crimson crests or golden pouches of their lissome mates.

The agency of insects has been most powerful in developing the colors and hues of flowers and blossoms. Through favoritism for the brightest, they have aided immeasurably in developing the beautiful flowers and fruits that adorn the earth. The existence of bright coloring in the world at large is almost entirely due to the influence of color sense in the animal kingdom, and its universal effect can be observed on the products of man which embrace the whole catalogue of dyes, paints and pigments to please his color sense and charm his fancy.

What Is Color?

Before we can investigate any sensation in man we must first ascertain what is the external agency to which it corresponds. Every feeling answers to some outer fact. To understand how color can so affect us, it is first necessary to explain what color is.

All objects are either luminous or non-luminous. Luminous bodies, such as the sun, emit light, while non-luminous bodies, such as flowers, reflect light waves. What we call "light" is a series of waves of energy that move from a source at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. When these waves

strike, say, a piece of cloth that absorbs all of them, we call it black, for none are thrown back against the retina of the eye. When these waves strike an object that reflects all of them, we call it white. When half of the waves are absorbed, and half are reflected, we call the object gray.

Waves of light move through space like the waves of the sea, undulating in a series of crests and troughs. Some are short and choppy, while others are long and rolling. The short ones measure 1-61,000ths of an inch in length between crests and create a sensation in our eye that we call violet, while the slow, long rollers measure 1-36,000ths of an inch and give rise to the sensation we call red. Between these wave crests are others of various lengths that beat a tattoo on the cones in the retina of the eye, the sensations which we term by various names such as orange, blue, pink, brown, etc. The sensation we term yellow, for example, is caused by an equal stimulation of the cones for the red and green percipients. A few color-blind individuals see intensity of black and white only, but the normal eye can distinguish by comparison something like 30,000 different color shades and tints.

One feature of the functions of hearing and sight is the projection of their sensory impulses. When sighting an object, the light reflected from it is picked up by the eye and focused at a point on the retina. The stimulation of the numerous endings of the optic nerve sets up an activity which, after passing through many systems of relays, reaches the sight centres in the brain, giving rise to a complex chemical action in the cells, where the myriad impulses are figured out into a light pattern in the image of the original object. Though the action setting up these impulses originates in the brain where the image is really synthetized, the sensation is projected to the object from which the light is reflected.

The influence of color on our habits and lives is just as powerful as the effect of heat, sound, feeling or sight, although we may not be aware of it. We are conscious, however, of this fact—that were we blind to all color, our lives would be nearly as dark and cheerless as the lives of those so unfortunate as to be born sightless.

No Time Like the Present

You know the benefits of life insurance and the actual need for carrying a policy of sufficient amount. Then why neglect the duty to yourself and dependents of inquiring how best you can acquire the protection you should have?

Write, stating age at nearest birthday, for rates and plans.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30" Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA

FACTOR BRAND SHIRTS for WORK OR SPORT

FACTOR Brand Work Shirts are produced expressly for the Hudson's Bay Company. They are made for real comfort and long wear. They contain many special features of advantage to the wearer which are not found in ordinary work shirts. Among these features are:

1. Ample room without undue bulk in the body lines.
2. Neat-fitting shoulder yoke and collar.
3. Extra roomy armpit and sleeve cut with a generous amount of material, not skimped like inferior quality shirts that bind and hinder freedom of action.
4. Placquet faced and buttoned vent at wrist.
5. Correct length for real comfort. FACTOR Brand comes either in the new coat style or closed front, with extra long three-button vent to facilitate taking off.
6. Gusset skirt.

FACTOR Brand Shirts come in a wide choice of materials suited particularly for wear by the mechanic, workman, farmer, rancher or sportsman. The range of "Factor" Brand work shirts is sufficiently comprehensive to meet all individual requirements.

No. 101—A fine shirt, made of all wool khaki flannel, coat style, with turn-down collar and two bellows pockets. A very popular garment for workmen or sportsmen.

No. 102—Same shirt as above, but in pullover style.

No. 103—Built on generous lines for comfort and durability. Khaki moleskin drill, coat style, two bellows pockets.

No. 104—Khaki moleskin drill shirt, same as No. 103, but pullover style.

No. 105—"Factor" Brand work shirt of black fleece, back twill cotton serge, closed front, yoke, and with one breast pocket. A popular work shirt.

No. 106—Grey cotton military flannel, strong, durable, easily laundered, absolutely unshrinkable. Closed front. One breast pocket. Roomy and comfortable.

No. 107—Same shirt as No. 106, except that collar is khaki.

No. 108—Fine khaki cotton gabardine twill. Coat style. Deep turned down polo collar. Faced breast pocket. Ideal for work, golf or other outdoor sports.

No. 109—Fine blue-grey pin check chambray shirt, commonly known as pick and pick. Medium weight, strong and durable, closed front, turn-down collar and breast pocket.

No. 110—One of the most popular "Factor" Brand numbers—made of extra heavy blue pick and pick shirting cotton. Closed front, turn-down collar, breast pocket. An excellent work shirt which gives universal satisfaction.

No. 111—Strong khaki drill shirt for real knock-about common use. A low-priced popular shirt with excellent wearing qualities. Closed front, polo collar and breast pocket.

No. 112—Super quality black mercerised sateen work shirt. A splendid wearer, dependable dye and will stand frequent tubbings. Closed front, turn-down collar, breast pocket.

NOTE—"FACTOR" BRAND SHIRTS are sold at all H.B.C. stores at standardized uniform prices. Can be ordered by mail from stores nearest to your locality. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

FACTOR *Brand* OVERALLS

UNION MADE

Canada's Greatest Overall Value

EXCEPTIONALLY good work garment, designed and made expressly for the Hudson's Bay Company. Generously cut to give plenty of room for freedom of action. Double stitched throughout, practically rip proof. Unusually large, reinforced bib with new safety combination watch and pencil pocket. Plenty of pockets—seven in all—two front, two hip, one each for watch, rule and matches. Wide crossover suspenders with hinged fasteners. The leg is two-seamed. Continuous faced, two-button vent; reinforced crotch, roomy, well-fashioned seat. Durably tacked at all points where the strain comes. Take your choice of these fine overalls in plain black or blue denim, blue and white striped stifel cloth of the very best qualities the mills produce.

No. 1—Big bib overalls in plain blue or black denim or blue and white stripe stifel cloth of the heaviest grade.
No. 2—Coat smocks of the same material to match.
No. 5—Strong khaki drill combination overalls with all the features of "Factor" overalls and made with *double knees and elbows*. The best designed, best made, best wearing coverall in Canada for the artisan, the mechanic, the farmer and for all purposes.
No. 6—The same combination overall as No. 5, without double knees and elbows; sold at a lower price and will give excellent wearing satisfaction.
No. 8—Strong khaki denim pants; well made garments, five pockets, cuff bottoms and belt loops.
No. 9—"Factor" pants of strong black denim, well made and durable.

"Factor" Brand goods are sold at all H.B.C. stores. Order by mail. Money refunded if not satisfied in every way.